

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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## VILLAGE ELECTION RESULT

Antioch Village Election Is Somewhat Spirited at the Close

W. S. RINEAR EASY WINNER

Result of Contest at Lake Villa Where Two Tickets Were in the Field Is Also Given

The Antioch village election held on Tuesday was some exciting at the finish although there was only one ticket in the field and up until Monday there appeared to be no opposition. However on the last day an attempt was made to write in the name of Joe Dupre for Village President in opposition to the regular nominee, W. S. Rinear.

A very light vote was cast 148 in all, of which number Rinear received 95 and Dupre 45.

The following is the summary of the votes as cast:

People's ticket  
For President  
W. S. Rinear..... 95  
Joe Dupre..... 45  
For Trustees—full term  
Arthur Edgar..... 117  
Henry Pitman..... 121  
N. Pullen..... 115  
Scattering..... 9

For Treasurer  
J. E. Brook..... 127

Lake Villa

The Village election in Lake Villa was a spirited one and the People's ticket won out decidedly over the Citizens' ticket by the following:

People's ticket  
For President  
Frank M. Hamlin..... 57  
For Trustees  
Paul R. Avery..... 52  
Frank T. Hamlin..... 51  
D. R. Manzer..... 61  
Police Magistrate  
Peter M. Lund..... no opposition

Citizen's ticket

For President  
Charles Jarvis..... 36  
For Trustees  
H. Koelstra..... 32  
W. Hucker..... 35  
C. W. Talbot..... 45

Fox Lake

The defeat of John G. Brown as resident of Fox Lake by Colon H. Jandrader, came as a surprise to many, as Mr. Brown has held the office for several years. He was defeated by a margin of but two votes. The election is said to have been the "warmest ever waged in the village."

Zion City

At the municipal elections in Zion City the followers of Wilber Glenn Voliva wrested the control of the city council from the Independent faction by electing their candidate for mayor, two aldermen and several other city officials. There were no riots or night celebration such as followed the victory of the Independents at the last election.

MRS. VIDA HUCKER WEDS THOS. MOONEY OF CHICAGO

On Tuesday of this week Mrs. Vida S. Hucker of this place was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Mooney of Chicago, the ceremony taking place at Waukegan. After a short wedding trip to Milwaukee and a few days spent in Chicago they will return to Antioch where they will make their home for the present.

Welch Descended From Noah.

The smaller a nation the longer the pedigree of the native. Thus every Scotsman of decent lineage is descended from the Bruce, every Irishman from the Red Kings and every Welshman from Noah. The last claim has been made for the family of the late Lord Tredegar. Cox, writing in 1800, when touring in Monmouthshire, wrote that "fanciful genealogists derived the origin of the Morgans from the third son of Noah," but that there was a division of opinion in favor of the first.

## SOIL EXPERTS MEETING

Farmers Are Invited to Attend a Meeting at Libertyville, Saturday, April 19

Do you want to raise more corn, more small grain, more clover, alfalfa and timothy hay and do you want to make more money from the old farm in future than you have in the past? We believe you do, and because we so believe we urge you to attend a meeting of progressive farmers to meet at the town hall in Libertyville, Saturday, the nineteenth day of April.

Professor Ekhardt and other able men will be present to make clear to you the means by which you may accomplish the progress we know you desire. It is the desire of many of our farmers that a soil expert be engaged to assist the farmers of this county, in the field during the crop season and by lecture during the winter months. But we want every farmer's voice heard in this matter.

Come out then, meet with your neighbors Saturday and put in the most profitable day of the year. Good roads, better education and conservation are watchwords of these times. We can all remember the opposition against each movement for progress in the past, and we know there may be those who will cling to old methods; but we believe that a great big majority of farmers are in favor of modern methods. Come out and bring your neighbor who may be unable to attend unless you attend.

## BONFIRE IS DISASTROUS

Three Barns, Three Horses, Garage and Expensive Machinery Consumed

A disastrous fire that is believed to have started from a bon-fire Wednesday afternoon destroying three large barns, an automobile garage, a large amount of machinery and three horses. The damage is estimated at between \$6,000 and \$8,000.

The fire broke out on the farm occupied by Harry Hall on the Libertyville road one mile south of Belvidere street. The Halls live in Chicago, but spend their summers on this farm. They had been there but two weeks this year.

A large quantity of rubbish had been burned and it was supposed that this had burned out. Shortly after dinner, the family chanced to look out of the window and saw the large barn was a mass of flames. The alarm was spread and in a short time the neighbors for an area of several miles began running to the place, carrying buckets. They formed a bucket brigade and passed water along in an effort to extinguish the blaze, but their efforts proved in vain for the fire gained with big bounds. Mrs. Hall with rare courage made her way into the garage and backed the automobile out to a place of safety. A few minutes later the garage which adjoins the barn was also burning.

So fiercely did the fire burn that it soon communicated to the barn of the Byron Colby farm which adjoins. Mr. Colby's son-in-law, Mr. Thomas, runs this farm. This barn and an adjoining barn soon were on fire and burners so fiercely that it was impossible to remove any of their contents. Much expensive machinery and three valuable horses were burned.

WALTER SELTER AND MISS MABEL GRAVES MARRIED TUESDAY

Tuesday of this week in Chicago occurred the marriage of Walter Selter of Grass Lake and Miss Mabel Graves of Waukegan.

The groom is the only son of Robert Selter who resides at Grass Lake and the bride is a daughter of Albert Graves of Waukegan, but for the past year has made her home with relatives at Grass Lake and both young people are well and favorably known in this vicinity.

After spending a few days in Chicago they will return and for the present will make their home with the parents of the groom.

The News joins with their many friends in extending congratulations.

Got In a Quiet Knock.

When Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, edited the Eugene Register, he ran a joke column that is still remembered among Eugene veterans.

"Miller," said an aged Eugenie, "used to like to roast the coal man. Thus, I remember how, in a description of a wedding, he once wrote:

"The presents offered the bride were unusually sumptuous and abundant. Conspicuous among them was a ton of coal. This won general admiration and approval by reason of its quaint, old-fashioned massiveness, it being much heavier than the tons of coal of the present day."

## POPULATION OF COUNTY INCREASES

Waukegan Has a Population of 19,381 a Gain of Ten Per Cent Since 1909

INCREASE IN ALL TOWNS

Antioch's Population is 1,062 According to Mr. Bumstead's Directory Which Will Be Ready in May

The population of Lake County has increased ten per cent in two years according to F. B. Bumstead, directory publisher who recently completed a census of every city and hamlet in the county.

The population of Waukegan is 19,381—in 1909 the population of Waukegan was 18,765.

Mr. Bumstead's 1913 directory will list the name of every adult resident of the county. The directory will list 8,614 Waukegan names. Multiplying this number by 2, gives Waukegan a population of 19,381.

The population of North Chicago is given at 4,586 a gain of approximately 2,000 since 1909.

Similar increase in population is given for every city and village in the county.

Of the 52,290 residents of Lake county, 7,200 are residents of rural districts. The population of the various cities and villages in Lake county.

"The skeptical men of Waukegan will claim that Waukegan's population is not 19,381. They don't know whereof they speak. Tell them the population is 200, then they will be satisfied," said Mr. Bumstead. His directory will be published about the 15th of May. It has been placed in the hands of the printer.

Waukegan 1913, 19,381; 1909, 18,765. North Chicago 1913, 4,576.

Number of names in directory, No. Chicago 2,034.

Waukegan 8,614.  
Lake Bluff 832.  
Lake Forest 2,875.  
Highwood 935.  
Highland Park 5,781.  
Zion City 3,508.  
Winthrop Harbor 246.  
Antioch 1,062.  
Barrington 1,422.  
Buffalo Grove 54.  
Deerfield 486.  
Diamond Lake 74.  
Everett 135.  
Fox Lake 390.  
Gilmore 41.  
Grayslake 900.  
Gurnee 158.  
Hainesville 79.  
Half Day 192.  
Inglewood 152.  
Ivanhoe 180.  
Lake Villa 360.  
Lake Zurich 337.  
Libertyville 2,640.  
Long Grove 67.  
Millburn 180.  
Prairie View 100.  
Rockefeller 293.  
Rosecrans 58.  
Round Lake 337.  
Rondout 218.  
Russell 135.  
Volo, 180.  
Wadsworth 270.  
Wauconda, 530.

One Black Sheep Needed.

A revival of religion was in progress in a town where Peter, Paul and John were coal dealers. John was the first to come under the influence of very eloquent preaching. He was honest and sincere about it and joined the church. A week later Paul was influenced to abandon the world and the flesh, and he, too, became an enthusiastic supporter of the good work. Peter, however, held aloof from the meetings. None of the invitations of neighbors or brothers seemed to have any effect. Finally the clergyman called and made a personal appeal. Peter was rough and ignorant and a little inclined to profanity, but honest and frank in speech if not in act. He finally clinched his negative arguments with the clergyman when in reply to a question he said: "John has become a Christian and Paul has become a Christian and I join your church who the—, excuse me, parson, will weigh the coal!"

## OFFERS \$100 REWARD FOR ASSAILANT

Young Woman Was Assaulted Between Libertyville and the Swift Farm

SWIFT OFFERS THE REWARD

Refuses to Discuss Story out Won't Deny Girl Was Member of His Own Family on Farm

Probably the most atrocious assault ever committed in the county took place near Libertyville on Sunday night. R. B. Swift who owns a large farm near Libertyville has offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of the man guilty of the attack. The name of the young woman who was the victim of the assault is being kept a secret and the facts with regard to the affair would not have come out even now had it not been for the offering of the reward.

R. B. Swift when questioned about the affair was unusually reticent about giving out any of the details. His extraordinary secrecy would indicate that there is some truth to the report that it was a member of Mr. Swift's family who was the victim. Had it been merely a young woman maid employed by the Swifts it is felt, there would not be such a determined effort to keep the facts secret. Swift positively declined to discuss the details of the case, but would not deny that it was a member of his own family.

He asserts that he returned to his farm from Chicago only Wednesday morning, and it was not until then that he learned of the assault. He made the offer of the reward through the Libertyville Independent, but would not discuss the matter further.

We learned however, that the young woman in the case was returning to the Swift farm from Libertyville on Sunday night when the assault took place. She had reached a rather secluded point in the road when suddenly a man leaped out and caught her by the throat, choking and beating her into unconsciousness.

It was some time later before the young woman regained consciousness and was able to drag herself to the Swift farm, where she told her story. The same desire to avoid all publicity prevented the family from notifying the police of the matter. A physician was summoned and he found the young woman in a rather serious condition.

The victim of the assault is said to have caught a good look at her assailant and is able to identify him in case he is apprehended. The reward of \$100 will cause a spirited search to be made for him. That the assault was made by some one living in the vicinity of Libertyville is the belief of many.

McDERMOTT SUCCEEDS SWAYER AS ADMINISTRATOR

Governor Edward Dunne Wednesday appointed Edward McDermott of Waukegan to the position of Public Administrator of Lake County to succeed James L. Swayer.

This dispatch comes as a big surprise, as it was not thought that a successor to Mr. Swayer would be named for some little time. Mr. Swayer appointed for four years by ex-Governor Chas. Deneen and his term of office does not expire until next December. Ordinarily the appointment for Public Administrator does not come until December. Mr. Swayer declared he received no had intimation to the contrary.

Whether Swayer's resignation will be asked for by Governor Dunne or whether he will be allowed to serve out the rest of his term, is not known as yet and probably will not be known for a few days. Mr. Swayer who was appointed under a Republican administration says he did not expect to hold the position under a Democratic regime. He has made a most efficient official and has transacted the business of his office in such a way that he has given general satisfaction.

Facing It.  
"Come on, Mamie. There's no use arguin' with her. She kin make twice as bad faces as you kin."—Life.

## BOYS AND GIRLS GET BUSY

A Gold Medal Prize is Offered For Best Composition on Good Roads

A gold medal to the school boy or girl between the ages of 10 and 15 who writes the best composition, not to exceed 800 words, on the repair and maintenance of earth roads, is to be awarded by Logan Waller Page, Director, Office of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. All compositions must be submitted to Mr. Page before May 15, 1913, and the medal will be awarded as soon thereafter as the compositions can be graded. The composition may be based on knowledge gained from books or other sources, but no quotations should be made.

After many years experience in dealing with the public road situation of the country, it is Mr. Page's belief that ignorance on the subject of repair and maintenance of roads is as much the cause of their bad condition as any other one factor. It is expected that the competition will bring about a better understanding of the subject of repair and maintenance in the rural districts.

Many children living in the rural districts have experienced the disadvantages of roads made impassable through a lack of proper maintenance and it is expected that their interest in the competition will stimulate greater interest among the parents. Bad roads have prevented many children from obtaining a proper education and have even prevented doctors from reaching the side of rural patients in time to save their lives.

Any child between the ages mentioned, attending a country school may compete. Only one side of the paper must be written on; each page must be numbered; the name, age and address of the writer, and the name and location of the school which he or she is attending must be plainly written at the top of the first page. The announcement of the competition has been sent to the superintendents of schools in the rural districts. No further information can be obtained from the Office Public Roads. This announcement should be plain to everyone, and all children will thus start on a basis of equality.

## PNEUMONIA PROVES FATAL

George Lugar of Kenosha Dies at the Home of His Son at This Place

Monday afternoon about three o'clock Mr. George Lugar, succumbed to a severe attack of pneumonia and quietly passed away at the home of his son, R. A. Lugar in this village.

The deceased whose home is in Kenosha came here a few weeks ago to assist in caring for his son who was very ill with the same disease. Last week Mr. Lugar Sr., contracted a hard cold and on Thursday morning of last week his case was pronounced one of pneumonia also. From the very first his condition was critical and after an illness of about five days he was compelled to give up the struggle.

He was born near Pensacola, Florida, and had lived until Thursday of this week he would have been 63 years of age. With his parents he moved to Kenosha while still in his infancy and there his home has been every since.

For 23 years he was a railroad engineer but for the past 18 years he has been employed as engineer at the Hosiery factory. He is survived by his wife and one son, R. A. Lugar of Antioch.

The body was taken to his home in Kenosha Tuesday morning. He was a prominent member of the I. O. O. F. of Kenosha.

REMAINS OF RUFUS THAYER BURIED MONDAY

The body of Rufus B. Thayer, a brother of Gideon Thayer of this place, was brought here from Kansas for burial Monday. The funeral was held at Lake Villa church at 1:30 p. m., with Rev. Lowrie officiating, and interment in the Sand Lake cemetery.

Rufus B. Thayer was born Feb. 29, 1850, at Hampshire, Mass., died April 10, 1913. He moved with his parents when a child of two years, to Illinois. Was married to Carrie E. Nelson, Dec. 25, 1875, to which union three children were born, one child dying in infancy. Two daughters survive: Mrs. Jessie Glaser of Council Grove, Kansas, and Mrs. Lois Parker of Texas. He came to Oswatimie, Kansas, in 1885, where he had made his home since that time.

Blessings of Oblivion.  
The reign of Antoninus is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.—Edward Gibbon.

## FIVE MILE DRY ZONE DISTRICT

Waukegan Real Estate Men Secure Option on Real Estate Outside Waukegan

SALOON PEOPLE WORRIED

Believe Bill Will Pass State Legislature and Waukegan and North Chicago Become Dry Territory

One Waukegan real estate agent is convinced that the five mile zone will be passed by the state legislature, and he is making an attempt to procure options on farm land, just outside the zone district on the north.

That territory, he claims will then be known as the saloon district of the North Shore. Tuesday it was learned that he has taken an option on a forty acre tract of land and is trying to procure one on tract of land just north of the Golf Ground road on Sheridan road.

The five mile dry zone bill will wipe out the saloons of Waukegan and North Chicago. Whether saloons can be operated north of Waukegan and outside of the zone, is still a question.

William F. Weiss attorney spent 3 days in Springfield last week and he claims the bill will be passed. Other men who have visited at the state capitol recently are of the same opinion.

Other Waukegan real estate agents claim that saloon district in the northwest section of Waukegan would pay.

Both the wet and dry factions of Waukegan are participating in an under the surface campaign to bring about a victory. The saloon men and a majority of the business men of Waukegan are working night and day to defeat the bill; while the church people, members of the prohibition party, and the ministers have joined forces to help in the passage of the bill.

From the church altars, the ministers have urged their congregation members to put their shoulder to the wheel and bring about the passage of the bill.

From his executive chair Mayor J. F. Bidingher has appealed to the representatives in the legislature to vote down the bill. The city is now divided into two factions, and many fights in families have been reported during the past two days.

Just when the bill will be brought up for a vote is not known although Monday it was reported that representative Foster expected a report from the committee to whom the bill was referred on Wednesday.

Chicago politicians, it is said, favor the bill. They claim that Waukegan men will spend their idle hours in that city if the bill is adopted.

It was reported that Representatives Shurtliff and Graham would vote against the bill.

POSTMASTERS TO RETAIN JOBS UNTIL THEIR TERMS EXPIRE

Postmaster General Burleson announced it is the administration's policy to continue all republican postmasters now in office to the end of their terms, providing no charges were sustained against their efficiency. The policy applies to all classes of postmasters.

"My department will be run on business lines, and not by politics," said Mr. Burleson in explaining the new policy. He declared there might be some removals, but he believed the majority of the postmasters were efficient and would not be disturbed.

"There will have to be specific charges of inefficiency, however," he announced, "before anyone will be removed."

Mr. Burleson said the decision had been reached after conferences with President Wilson, who favors the merit system. At present a plan is being worked out for securing efficiency under the civil service, fourth class postmasters having been placed under that jurisdiction on an executive order by Mr. Taft.

Chesterton on Zola.  
I am grown up and I do not worry myself about Zola's immorality. The thing I cannot stand is his morality.—Chesterton.





# The GLOW of the RUBIES

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT  
ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter from the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jack, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slinky talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Francis. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless robes hidden in the buttons of a retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in nut-ton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Francis." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hustled off to the latter in the morning. Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter demanding his clothes. Lightnut bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Francis," the girl of the pajamas, in the train. Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Francis is met by a husky college youth, who calls Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens Lightnut. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings storms over the outrage of his arrest. Lightnut discovers of his arrest. Professor Dozenberry is called in to interrogate the hysteric. He raves over what he the hysteric. He calls the girl of the writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take the resemblance of the previous wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for experiment of the professor. Lightnut is taken home in an automobile with Francis and a woman Lightnut calls "the tramp." Lightnut is angered by the tramp's slanders. He talks about "Francis." Billings is taken to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a letter from Francis has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a pair of black pajamas. Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of "Francis' escapades. Lightnut asks permission to take "Francis." The judge declares that of another living person would tackle the job, and Lightnut's mind operates mystified. Policeman O'Keefe returns the black pajamas and Lightnut sends them to the judge's room. Lightnut has an interesting hour with Francis. He tells of the things the judge has been saying about "Francis," much to "Francis' amusement. Judge Billings refuses to interfere for a man under arrest claiming to be his son Jack. The judge promises Lightnut to wear the pajamas that night. Next morning Jenkins tells Lightnut he saw him (Lightnut) fighting with a youth in the library during the night. Jack Billings tells Lightnut the judge is going to send Francis to a reformatory.

## CHAPTER XXIX—(Continued).

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Lightnut?" she asked, coming toward me—and how kindly, almost tenderly, her sweet face softened!

"Is it anything about Jack?" snapped the tramp.

I shook my head and just gently placed the little wrapped parcel in Francis' hands. My hand shook so I almost dropped it.

"Some—something of yours that was lost," I said, and I knew my voice shook a little, too. "I was fortunate in recovering it." I looked at her—for the last time, I knew—and it was just my devilish luck that she got misty and dim. I whispered hoarsely: "Open when you are alone."

And then I walked straight out of the house!

A gardener directed me to the park gates, but there were so many dashed curves and terraces I got hopelessly twisted, and pretty soon didn't know whether I was leaving or coming, don't you know. I sat down on an iron bench to think it over, and, by Jove, I must have dozed off, for the first thing I knew some one yelled my name, and I looked up to see—Billings!

He was looking a bit soiled and disheveled, and his eyes had a haunted look.

"What the devil are you doing, sitting here?" he demanded.

"I'm going," I said, hurriedly getting to my feet. "Just resting—I—"

"They told me I would find you here," he said. "Here you are, sitting out here in the hot sun without any hat! Good thing, Dicky, you haven't got any—hm!" Then he panted at me: "Say, nice way you and my sister treated me—I don't think! But I'll forgive you this time." Here he linked his arm in mine. "I'll forgive you, if you never say anything at the club about those damned black pajamas—nor in the family, either. Great Scott! I wouldn't have this get out!"

"I wouldn't think of such a thing!" I exclaimed, immeasurably relieved, but indignantly, as well. He led me across the turf.

"Oh, I've had an awful time, Dicky! A awful!" he lifted his hands—"Oh, I don't want to tell you about it—I don't want even to think about it myself!" I murmured something sympathetic, for I felt sympathetic with anything;

besides, there still lingered a bit of headache from the Heidelberg punch and I could imagine from that what his feelings must have been.

"By George, Dicky," he burst out again, "the way I've been shut up and treated just seems like some internal conspiracy. Good thing Jack Ellsworth's dad had a pull with the mayor—tell you all the whole rotten business when I can talk about it quietly."

"That's right! That's right!" I said soothingly, "wouldn't think about it at all now, old chap!" No use reminding him, you know, that he had shut himself up. Besides, the wandering of his mind to Jack Ellsworth and his father showed me that even yet he was not quite himself.

Billings mopped his forehead. "My, but it was hot in that hole!" he exclaimed. "And that reminds me—have you seen the governor this morning? No? Well, talk about hot! George, but the old man was hot under the collar when I saw him just now! And he looks like he had been dropped from a shot tower! It's this case he's working on, I guess, or else it's about Francis. He's found out what I know!"

"Do—do you think so?" I questioned nervously.

"Pretty sure," said Billings carelessly. "Fact is, he's already fixing up to send Francis to some kind of reformatory—heard him making the arrangements over the phone—I was glad he didn't look at me as he rattled on—and, by the way, the governor told me to tell you not to say a word to Francis—I suppose you'll understand."

Understand? Oh, yes, I understood! "And he said he wanted to see you."

"Is—Is he here?" I stammered, pulling back.

"Thank goodness, no. Gone to meet Colonel Francis Kirkland—say, don't say anything about it—wants to surprise his daughter, you know. On his way to London via San Francisco—arrived at Washington a few days ago."

Oh, the tramp's father! Much I cared! But knowing how interested he was in her, I tried to show an interest.

"Colonel Francis—er—Isn't his daughter named after him?" And I felt myself grow jolly red, for I remembered that she had told me that about her friend as she sat on the arm of the Morris chair and in the black pajamas.

"Hanged if I know," said Billings carelessly. "I don't know what her name is—don't remember that I ever heard." He whistled. "Say, but did you ever see anything as stunningly pretty in your life?"

I balked. By Jove, I had been doing some mild lying within the past twenty-four hours, but this was asking too much. Dashed me if I could go it, that's all. But he didn't seem to notice.

He slapped me on the back. "By George, Dicky, there's just the girl cut out for you, old chap—take my tip. I think she likes you, too—could see it just now when I was talking about you."

So that was it, I reflected gloomily. The tramp now was to be worked off on me, and I was expected to stand for it. I was to be a sort of what-you-call-it offering on the altar of friendship. That was the condition upon which he was patching up things!

Billings laughed suddenly. "But, oh, I tell you it would be hard on Francis—a regular knockout, by George!"

Devilish brutal for him to say so, I thought.

"Do you think so?" I questioned dimly. "Would Francis really care?"

"Oh, yes," he said lightly. "Soon get over it, though—puppy love, you know."

Puppy love, indeed! By Jove, how I hated Billings!

He went on: "Suppose you never heard anything of the professor and the pajamas?"

I had not, and I was devilish sick of pajamas, anyway.

"And say, Dicky, I don't remember that I ever thanked you properly, old man, for putting up my kid brother the other night. He says you treated him like a brick and that you and he got to be great pals. So much obliged, old chap, because he wanted to go running around, you know."

"Your brother?" I questioned, astonished, and I guess my face must have showed it.

"Didn't he stay with you?" he snapped.

I stared blankly. "Why, Billings—I didn't know—I didn't remember you had a brother. I never have seen him."

Billings' face swelled redder, and he struck his fist down with an oath. He looked angrily toward the house. Then he stepped hurriedly in advance of me.

"Excuse me, old chap, will you?" he said, his voice hardened. "Will see you at luncheon—make yourself at home, won't you?"

## CHAPTER XXX.

Under the Pergola.  
Make myself at home! I sneaked under the quiet shade in a convenient

pergola, and, dropping upon a bench, gazed gloomily at the sunlight patches at my feet.

"Oh, here you are, eh?" broke harshly upon me.

I looked up, startled from my mood. There, hands upon his hips and scowling, stood—the chauffeur!

I frowned, but the fellow just moved nearer.

"I guess mamma's baby don't feel so spry this morning!" he jeered. "Does its little heady-cums ache-ums—eh?" I grunted rather wearily. "If it does, my good fellow, it's none of your business. Don't bother me!" I shifted the other way.

"Oh, isn't it?"—his tone quickened truculently—"Well, maybe I'll make it my business!" He jerked his arm at me, continuing sharply: "Look here, you glass-eyed monkey-jack, don't you get flippant with me this morning!"—he laughed coarsely—"or I'll think you want some more! Do you?"

I turned my head and, polishing my monocle carefully, gave it a tight screw and took him in slowly, beginning with his yellow mop of hair and ending with the toes of his soiled canvas shoes. By Jove, I was sure they'd never been whitened since he bought them.

I seemed to anger him. He uttered a sort of snort with a mutter uncomplimentary and strode forward, towering above me where I sat.

"Answer, when I'm talking to you, you sap-headed fool," he bellowed, "or I'll wring your neck! I asked if you wanted some more."

I stretched my arms, trying their muscle room in a lengthy yawn, and blinked at him with my free eye, wondering where the deuce he got the crimson hat band. By Jove, that was the most dashed impudent thing of all!

"More what?" I drawled indifferently.

"More—of that!"—viciously—and thwack his knuckles struck against the iron back of the jolly bench. For I wasn't there, don't you know.

"Huh! Think you're some smart, don't you?" he sneered, hitching his trousers band. "Now, look here!"

He leveled his finger—"you're a guest here and I know I oughtn't to do it, and I hate it for Jack's sake, but I'm feeling I'll just have to give you another trimming this lovely morning!" He chuckled, rolling his lips and spreading them till I could see every tooth. He moved toward me leisurely, slipping up his sleeves. "What you got last night, sonny, was for your own sake, but this time it's going to be for Francis—you fishworm!"

"Guess we'll leave Miss Francis out



And he struck his chest a blow to show me what he meant.

And just then I remembered to smooth my hair-part.

"Oh, you—" With a growl like a bear, he swept both his hands to his head and whirled them through his great yellow pile, leaving each hair standing on end like the quills of the fretful what's-its-name. Then he danced toward me, pausing irregularly to double over with a chuckle.

"Oh, this is too good!" he yelled. "But I can't help it; I just can't refuse the money, Lizzie! I know they'll send me away for this, but—Oh, mamma!"

And over he'd double again.

Oddest thing, isn't it, how your jolly active mind will wander at the rummest times; and I had a thought then of how, when I was a delicate boy, bully old Doctor Duke and Doctor Madden had prescribed a punching-bag, and later boxing-gloves. And I thought with a pang of what whipping times the governor and I had, scrapping, and of what knocks he gradually began to give me until he forced me to learn to come back harder.

Jove, what corking hours we had! And then when Chugsey, the retired English light-weight champion, came to butter—oh, what smashing three-handed rounds we used to have! Bully old governor, who was never so busy on his sermons but what he could take a walk or a ride with me; or talk with me, or fight with me! Why, he—

By Jove, my dashed monocle got so cloudy of a sudden, I almost missed the chauffeur's move—almost, don't you know!

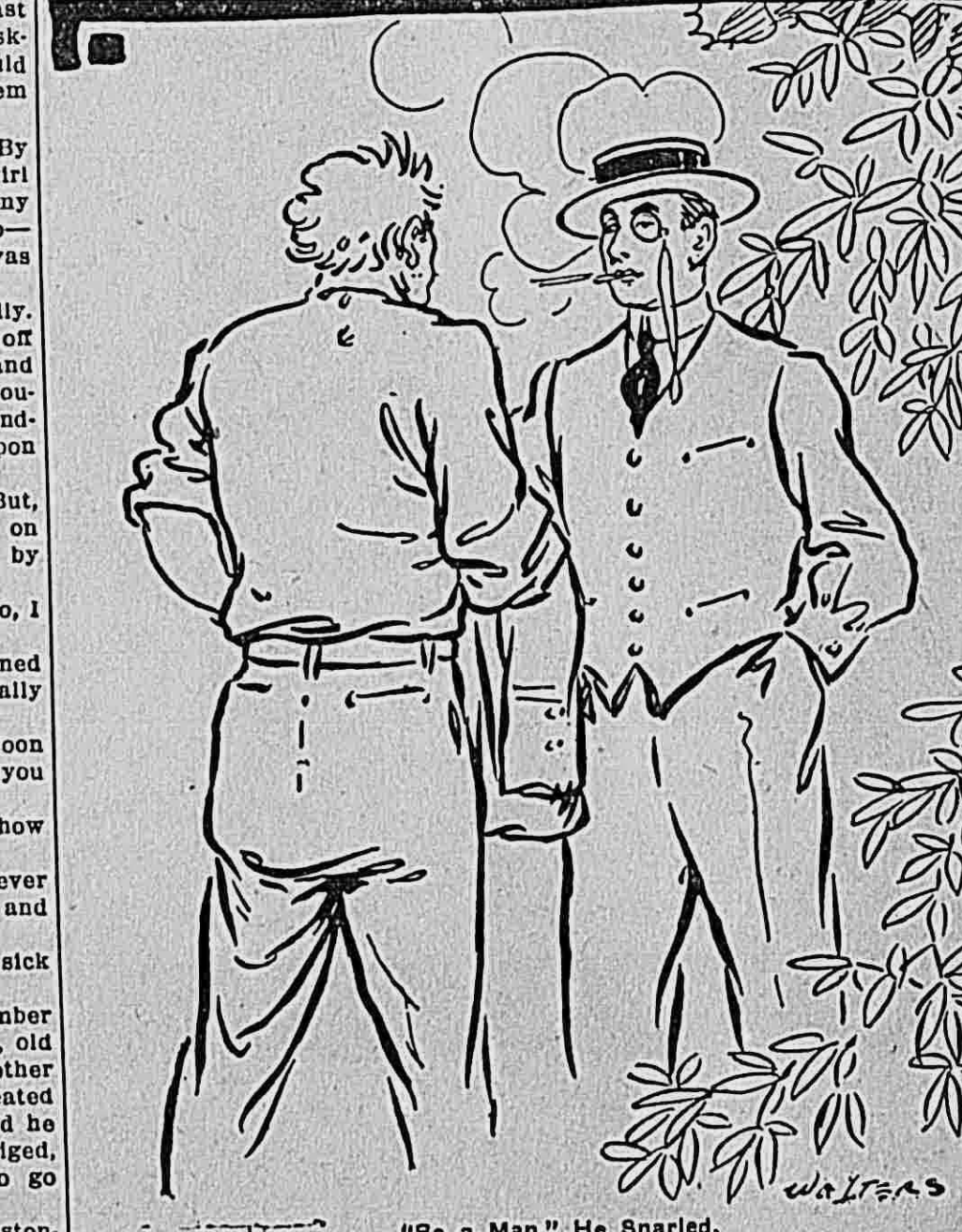
And then—

"I say, you know!" I said disgustfully, as I screwed my monocle at him there, his yellow mat sticking out of sight through the jolly vines. "Awfully raw thing to strike at a man and leave your guard open like that—I could have put it over your heart, don't you know!"

I heard a little sound behind me and there was she!

"Oh!" I gasped as I slipped into my coat. And now I was miserable, for I remembered how kind this chauffeur, Scoggins, had been to her. And for her to have seen me in this vulgar row!

"Yes, I saw it all," she said, as I moved toward her, murmuring some jolly effort at apology. Her eyes were shining. "I saw it all, sir—and heard."



"Be a Man," He Snarled.

of it, don't you know," I remonstrated. Dash the fellow's impudence! Then, remembering I was wearing a coat of dark chevrot that was the very devil for showing every speck of dust, I slipped out of it and looked about for somewhere to hang it. Not a dashed place, of course; not a thing, you know, except nails here and there in the wooden uprights of the pergola, and of course nails wouldn't do to hang a coat on. So I just folded the jolly thing carefully—very carefully, just as I had seen Jenkins do—and then I held it on my arm.

The chap had been shifting about me in a curve, clucking his tongue contemptuously and muttering, and getting more jolly red-eyed and abusive every minute.

"Be a man!" he snarled. "You blamed tailor's dummy, be a man!"

And just when I had hunted you up with these!—and then I saw that her arms were burgeoning with roses. "See what I've been doing for you, sir!"

"For me?" By Jove, it was all I could say as I took them!

"And you ran off!" She pouted adorably—naturally, too, dash it. I've seen them put it on when they looked like they had toothache. "How am I ever going to thank you about the pajamas?" By Jove, her big blue eyes looked me frankly in the face. There was never a quiver of embarrassment. "It's wonderful—and to find them here!"

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Its Favorite Food.  
Jealousy is a thing that fattens by feeding on its own spume.

## LIKE U. S. CAPITAL

Australia's Seat of Government Planned in Fields and Woods.

Plans Drawn by American Architect Are Accepted and Site Chosen in Canberra, N. S. W.—Will Be City Beautiful.

Canberra, N. S. W.—Americans will take a keen interest in the construction of the federal capital city of the Commonwealth of Australia, because, like the federal capital city of the United States, it was completely planned before the foundation stone of the first permanent building was laid, and also because the architect whose designs have been accepted, Walter Burley Griffin, is an American, says the Boston Transcript. The choice of the Canberra district of New South Wales, as the site of the city, was made by the commonwealth government in 1910, and the invitation to architects embodying the conditions of completion was issued April 30, 1911. To give an idea of the magnitude of the task, it may be stated that the requirements for the consideration of the designers included the allocation of appropriate areas embracing sites not only for the house of parliament, residence of the governor general and the usual ministerial and administrative offices, but places of public worship, mint, national art gallery and library, state house, printing office, government factories, university, technical college, city hall, general post office, museum, central railway station, railway marshalling yards, military barracks, criminal and police courts, jail, hospital, national theater, central power station, gas works, markets, stadium, parks and gardens, etc. It was a great work to design this model city, and Mr. Griffin may well be congratulated on his success in winning the opportunity to give Washington, D. C., a worthy sister in Canberra, N. S. W.

Why the Australian government should have decided to build the capital of the country in the southeast corner is not quite clear, but the site is certainly one that seems to invite a "city beautiful." The lay of the land, combining easy gradients with prominent hills of moderate height, will lend itself easily to the production of fine architectural and landscape effects. Canberra is just east of the Wagga Wagga district, and about 40 miles from the town of Yass, on the main line of the railroad between Sydney and Melbourne, and it is about 150 miles from Jervis bay, with which it is to be connected by a new railroad. The temporary Australian Military school is the only building yet on the site, excepting a few farmhouses, but now that the governor general has laid the foundation stone the architectural development of the commonwealth's perma-



Falls Near Site of Canberra.

nent seat of government may be expected to progress rapidly. To a certain extent Australia imitates Canada in selecting a capital. Canada did not have to build Ottawa, from the ground up, but it converted the old "Bytown," a lumber station and shipping point into a seat of government. Queen Victoria made choice of Ottawa in the capacity of grand arbitrator, after Montreal, Quebec, Toronto and Kingston had quarreled for the distinction of being the capital until any three of them were ready to unite against the fourth. Ottawa is now a beautiful city of 100,000 inhabitants, despite the fact that it remains simply the political capital. So does Washington, for that matter, a still more beautiful city, with a population approximating 350,000. It seems to be the rule for harmony in nations essentially federations that compromise between sections shall dictate the choice of a new site for their capitals.

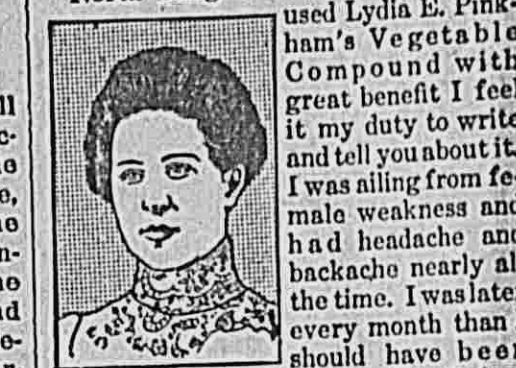
## Plan to Aid Midget Mascot.

Baltimore.—Anxious that little Hughie Golden, the sixteen-year-old midget of Old Nassau's baseball team shall have a chance to develop physically like other boys of his age, the students of Princeton university are preparing to have the lad undergo treatment. Golden is but two and a half feet in height, having been injured when a child.

## WOMAN'S ILLS DISAPPEARED

Like Magicafter taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

North Bangor, N. Y.—"As I have



used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with great benefit I feel it my duty to write and tell you about it. I was ailing from female weakness and had headache and backache nearly all the time. I was later every month than I should have been

and so sick that I had to go to bed.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and these troubles have disappeared like magic. I have recommended the Compound to many women who have used it successfully."—Mrs. JAMES J. STACY, R.F.D. No. 3, North Bangor, N. Y.

## Another Made Well.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me. For years I suffered terribly with hemorrhages and had pains so intense that sometimes I would faint away. I had female weakness so bad that I had to doctor all the time and never found relief until I took your remedies to please my husband. I recommend your wonderful medicine to all sufferers as I think it is a blessing for all women."—Mrs. L. E. WYCKOFF, 112 S. Ashley St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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# AMONG THE PUTUMAYOS

**F**EW are the white men who have ever set foot on the mysterious land of Putumayo, a wilderness the size of Kansas shut in between two tributaries of the Amazon. There are no railways, no roads, no telephones, no telegraph. For six months travel is possible by boat along the rivers. For three months the rivers drown one-half of the jungle, which takes the aspect of an imprecise and treacherous lake. For another three months the virgin forest is dotted everywhere with dangerous ooze holes, a paradise for all the deadliest bacteria, scorpions, snakes and all the animated nuisances which constitute the seamy side of the glorious tropical nature.

This is the land of rubber, in whose uncharted, mysterious forest many crimes have been committed by the white man, if we are to believe the report drawn by Sir Roger Casement. English investigators have charged the Peruvian government with refusing protection to the unfortunate aborigines whom the trader's greed has practically forced into the rubber tapping business.

Peruvians, and among them a Peruvian judge, who passed through New York recently, and who had investigated the charges, answered that English traders were directly responsible for the Putumayo atrocities and that Peru, with its population of four millions, scattered over 700,000 square miles, cannot very well make the jungle as safe or safer than the neighborhood of the Metropolitan hotel, says the New York Tribune.

One man arrived in New York the other day who has traveled the length and breadth of the Putumayo, and who, in the present controversy, has the good advantage of being neither a Peruvian nor an Englishman. His testimony, therefore, is likely to be more impartial than that of Sir Roger Casement or of Judge Romulo Paredes.

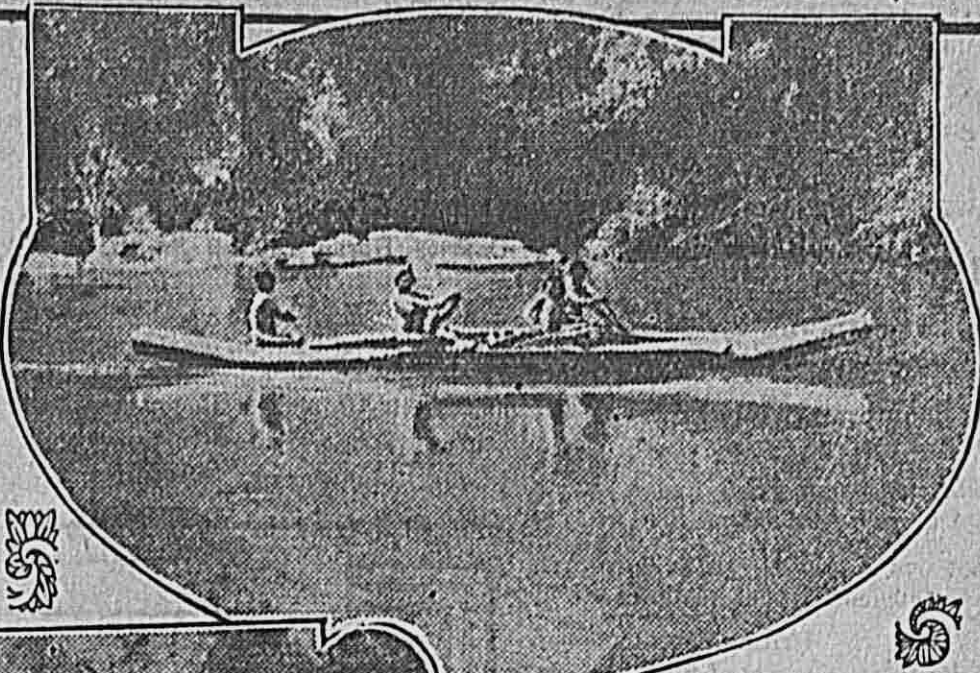
Georg von Hassel is German, as his name indicates, a civil engineer by profession, explorer, geographer and anthropologist by taste. He has directed in the course of ten years nine different expeditions to survey the northern regions of Peru, and has published four maps (the only ones in existence) of four different sections of the Putumayo. Finally, he has introduced in the rubber regions an automatic rubber tapping machine which will in the near future enable the Indians to return undisturbed to their primeval idleness.

"There is no doubt," Herr von Hassel said, "that the Putumayo natives have been handled very brutally on several occasions. Many have been killed, although the figures mentioned by muckrakers are ridiculously exaggerated. It has been stated that some 25,000 Putumayo Indians have been murdered in the course of the last ten years. The truth is that there are not 100,000 wild Indians in the whole region of Peru. In the Putumayo proper, which is the most inhabitable part of the country, being right under the equator, I don't think there are more than 3,000 aborigines.

"On the other hand, you must not believe that the Putumayo Indian is the meek, beating lamb described in certain reports unfavorable to both the Peruvian government and the English traders. The 107 Indian tribes inhabiting the Peruvian forests are divided into two main races, distinguished by their weapons and habits. Those living on the left bank of the Amazon are rather peaceful, using only one weapon, the bow, and they never poison their arrows. The tribes living on the right bank of the Amazon (and this is the Putumayo region) are fond of using spears and darts, and are considered as being more warlike.

In places of household furniture very frequently in Indian inkling of what may be called meddlers, be they white or colored. Catching a white tribe and bringing it into the head itself is a robbery. For reason of the existence of a superior being called Usumanu and of a lower element called Talfie. They admit a future existence.

When the patrol was away on other duty, Cell attacked his officer on a lonely Alpine pass, and attempted to throw him over the precipice. A long struggle followed, the men being of about equal strength and unarmed. The officer, so says his life, bit through an artery in the wrist of his subordinate, who collapsed, owing to the loss of blood. Soon afterwards the patrol arrived and carried Cell to a



UPPER AMAZON NATIVES NAVIGATING A STREAM IN THEIR CRUDE BARK CANOES

lips are sewed up and the head is then shrunk until it is hardly larger than a child's fist. In certain tribes no man is allowed to marry unless he can show one of those little heads as evidence of his valor.

"Another ghastly thing which you see now and then is a ladle whose handle is made up of a dried human arm. This does not mean that the Indians are especially cruel and murderous. The white man has little to fear from them, provided he finds out all about a tribe's habits and customs before venturing into an Indian settlement. If you see three round stones at the entrance to a hut it means: 'Keep out, the master is out; there are only women and children within.'

"Disregard the warning, let the chief find you in his hut and soon after your head, conveniently shrunk, may adorn the door of his tent.

"Three sticks laid on one another at a certain angle in front of the hut means: 'Everybody out.' Again death would be the penalty for trespassing. Shoot some of the Indians' domestic animals and a little poisoned arrow will soon dispatch you into eternity. It is the lay of the forest, and much as we may object to such a code of laws, it must be confessed that the Indians are very law-abiding people.

"A rubber tree bearing the brand of one tapper is never tampered with by another tapper. Masses of congealed rubber may be left in the forest unprotected. The owner's mark stamped upon each piece is enough to keep thieves away.

"While forest Indians are not likely to molest a white man who observes all the rules of the jungle code, they seem to abhor the sight of a black man. Many of the difficulties which arose in the Putumayo between Indians and rubber traders and led to acts of brutality on the part of the latter were due to the fact that the English-American company employed Barbados negroes as foremen. The Indians called them 'Talfie' or devils, and only worked under them when compelled by sheer violence.

"The Hultoto tribe, from which most of the rubber tappers are recruited, presents curious characteristics. As many as a hundred families live in common under a strange-looking edifice called toambo, or tola. It is a sort of a cross between a hut and a tent, rising to a height of 40 or 50 feet. Jungle creepers are stretched upon a light conical timber frame, and then the whole thing is covered up with bamboo. From a distance it gives the impression of a traveling circus tent. It has no windows, and the doors are so low that one has to stoop considerably to penetrate into the tola. Around the circular space covered by the tola are separate groups of hammocks for the various families. Every family has its fire, on which a large kettle is kept simmering continuously. It contains a sort of meat stew which never seems to become exhausted, for after every meal the women refill the kettle with fresh meat and seasonings, without ever emptying it. Over the fire hang pieces of fish or venison which are being cured by smoke.

"The Hultotos have no definite form of worship. They believe in the existence of a superior being called Usumanu and of a lower element called Talfie. They admit a future existence.

istence and manifest a certain respect to Itoma, the sun, and Fuel, the moon. They generally bury their dead in their own tent wrapped up in a new hammock, which contains all the weapons and utensils they used in the course of their lives.

"The young Indian who wishes to be married goes to the tent where his beloved lived, cuts some wood for his future father-in-law and presents the cacao and tobacco. Some fourteen days afterward the young woman is allowed to follow her husband to his tola. This is the occasion for very picturesque festivities, parades and dances at which Hultoto belles display their talent in skin painting. All the time is heard the booming sound of the mangare calling from every hill.

"The mangare is a curious instrument, a sort of wireless of the jungle, which is used not only to express a tribe's rejoicing, but to communicate the cacao's orders to the men at work in the forest. It is a sort of drum made by hollowing out two tree trunks of slightly different size. By striking the surface with a mallet two different notes are produced, and the various combinations of those two sounds permit the transmission of code signals very similar to the signs in the Morse alphabet. As the tents are generally built on top of high hills the sound of the mangare carries to a distance of from ten to fifteen miles.

"Certain travelers have stated that the Hultoto Indians, especially those of the Nonuya tribe, are anthropophagous. In the course of ten years I have never observed a single case of cannibalism nor heard one mentioned by any reliable witness.

"As I said before, forest Indians are absolutely harmless as long as travelers respect the law of the various tribes. When forced to work beyond a certain limit or in unfavorable weather, they may revolt, as they did in 1902, and drive their persecutors out of the forest. For that matter, they simply acted as perfectly civilized working men would act under similar circumstances.

"Indians have no sense of value and no desire to earn money. They buy supplies at any price, paying for them with large quantities of rubber, and seem to have no idea of profit. It is rather difficult to demand steady labor from such a type of humanity. Traders have therefore tried to employ Chinese and Japanese laborers and also African negroes at gathering rubber. No other race, however, can stand life in the tropical jungle. The slightest exertion, even for those fortunate enough to escape the jungle fever, means a gradual weakening of the organism and death.

"The tapping of rubber trees is an arduous work, and the felling out of rubber tapping expeditions is a costly enterprise. With the present methods of work, rubber trees can only be tapped six months a year, from October to December and from April to June. During January, February and March continuous tropical rains cause all the rivers to overflow and the forest becomes an uncharted swamp. All work must cease, human beings and animals alike must take refuge on the hills.

"In July, August and September the rubber trees shed their leaves and relapse into their annual slumber. They hardly give any latex or milk at that time, and the slightest wound on their trunk is likely to kill them. During that period, however, rubber trees can be more easily distinguished from the tropical growth which sometimes hides them entirely from view, and the Indians roam the forest locating new gomales. They make slow progress, for as soon as they leave the river bank they must travel on foot, carrying on their back provisions for several months. As soon as they have located a tree they cut down the underbrush around it with their machete and make a notch of a special design on its bark. The tree thus becomes the absolute and undisputed property of the cauchero who finds it."

hospital in the valley, where he recovered. The military court which tried the case at Milan, Italy, took into consideration the sufferings and former good conduct of the soldier, and above all the refusal of his officer to prosecute, and sentenced Cell to six months' imprisonment.

Logic of it. "That cross old teacher is as tough as leather." "Perhaps that accounts for his propensity for tanning hides."

## NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

### Quite English, Old Top, Under the Dome of Capitol



**W**ASHINGTON.—"We are going to be quite English, old top," remarked a western statesman as he lighted his cornucopia pipe and chucked up the wood fire in one of the old committee rooms in the capitol the other morning. "I see by the public prints that there are a number of innovations in parliamentary practice before us, with some changes in habitat. Yep, that's the word, though I don't know that the folks out in Pike county can parse it."

"There's this here installation of benches in the house instead of desks that kinder interests my bucolic mind. Those old desks were mighty convenient to h't a foot on when you had that weary spring feeling. Then you could keep a plug of tobacco, and a jackknife and a whole lot of things in there, as well as a big red apple and a sandwich brought from home in your coat-tail pocket."

"Hereafter we are to come into the hall and pick out any bench that's vacant and nigh to the front; deposit our silk hats—for of course, we will have to wear stovepipes—on the floor, and keep a close eye on it lest your

neighbor in a moment of absent-mindedness mistake its object. Then we sit bolt upright and wait for things to happen, looking very owlish and wise meanwhile.

"There won't be any letters to write, no papers to read while some fellow is making the welkin ring with oratory for home consumption. And it's going to be in the spring of the year, too, and fishing time. Why, it will be just like sitting in school and listening to the bees humming outside and the yallerhammers calling."

"I suppose we will be referred to as 'the benches on the right' and 'the benches on the left.' I don't know what kind of benches Cooper and Len-rogot and them Republican insurgents will be. Maybe they will fall between two stools. Maybe, too, we will have a bell as they do in the French parliament. Instead of a gavel, to call us to order."

"Wonder if the sergeant-at-arms when he parades the mace will have to wear knee breeches and be called the gentleman usher of the black rod? I hear that it is the thing in England to serve afternoon tea somewhere in the parliament building. Is that so?"

"Well, we've got a fine terrace outside, swept by the breezes from the Anacostia flats, Buzzards point and the James creek canal, and we might have four o'clock tea out there. I think it would be a fine society note. 'And Judge Rucker of Missouri poured.'"

### Congressman Murdock's String of "Gold" Beads

**V**ICTOR MURDOCK, the Kansas insurgent congressman, not long ago toured Mexico with a party of newspaper men from the states, he being a pencil pusher when not working at politics. In Tehuantepec, an Indian village on the narrow neck in southern Mexico, he one day wrangled with a native woman for an hour and finally induced her to sell him 'or eight dollars a string of gold beads for which she had originally asked twelve. He didn't need the money, but he had a lot of fun out of the native woman.

Having finally made the purchase he was inordinately proud of his beads, for, it was alleged, the gold for them had been mined from the deposits owned by those Indians and the beads had been fashioned by their own workmen.

When the party approached the Texas border the majority of its members showed little disposition to produce the various trinkets they had purchased, but Congressman Murdock, having had a hand in framing the tariff laws, insisted on declaring everything he had and paying duty on it.

He had shown his opals and blankets



and silks to the authorities and had been soaked good and hard for them because of the annoyance of collecting on such small things. Finally he dug up the beads from a vest pocket.

"That's all right," said the customs official, wearily.

"But I want to pay duty on the beads," insisted Murdock. "The schedule—"

"That's all right," again pleaded the agent.

"On an ad valorem basis," continued Murdock, "I should pay—"

"It's all right, I tell you," cried the agent. "You got 'em in Tehuantepec, you paid eight dollars, but their value is nothing! They are brass!"

Murdock subsided.

### "Uncle Sam" Has a High Salaried Seal Maker



**T**HE newly-rich and others attempting to climb the social ladder are not the only ones who need a designer of coats-of-arms. Witness the fact that Uncle Sam needs one himself, and needs him so bad that he pays him a great big salary and gives him an office in the magnificent \$7,000,000 marble and gold library of congress. Uncle Sam's official heraldist is Gailard Hunt, and he is one of the best heraldists extant. He has an international reputation as a historian, and has written lots of books on all kinds of historical subjects that students of history buy when they want to find out just how some important historical event happened.

Whenever the government wants a new seal for one of its bureaus or for some new territorial possession, an official calls Hunt up over the telephone, and tells him it's a rush job. Whereupon Heraldist Hunt buckles right down to work and turns out a new-fangled seal that everybody gazes at admiringly, and tells about its history, and how it happened to be that way.

The coat-of-arms of Porto Rico was designed by Mr. Hunt. He also designed the coat-of-arms of the Philippine Islands. Again, he is the one who designed the seal of the department of commerce and labor, said by experts to be at once the most simple and most symbolically striking of all those used by the government. And, finally, it was he who designed the gorgeous combined seal and coat-of-arms of the new Panama canal zone. All of which goes to show that he earns his salary.

Besides the seals mentioned, Mr. Hunt has designed innumerable other seals during his 25 years' devotion to this subject.

### Virginia's "Honeymoon Special" Arrived on Time

**T**HE "Honeymoon Special," having on board 18 happy young men and a like number of young women with avowed matrimonial intent, reached Washington the other afternoon from Richmond, Va. As has been the case for the last ten years, the "special" was in charge of Mrs. J. R. Gill of the Virginia capital. A sight-seeing automobile met the party at Union station and conveyed the members to their hotel. Mrs. Gill explained that one couple could not wait until the capital was reached to have the nuptial knot tied, but absented themselves long enough to be made man and wife before the train left Richmond.

"We did very nicely today," said Mrs. Gill. "Six couples visited the marriage license clerk in Washington and were joined together in wedlock. They were somewhat shy, however, and I could not learn their names."

"Eighteen is merely the number who have stated their intention of getting married on this trip," said Mrs. Gill. "But I expect as many more will leave Washington as safely tied together as



licenses and ministers can tie them. I believe in matrimony for every one, and I believe that divorcees are just mistakes which will occur in any perfectly proper plan. My idea is to let young people marry and nine out of ten will stay married."

Mrs. Gill's party remained at the capital sight-seeing for several days, when the "Honeymoon Special" departed for Richmond.

Mrs. Gill is not a matrimonial agent, but is matron of the Richmond Male Orphan asylum. The proceeds of her yearly excursions to the capital are devoted to the maintenance of this institution.

### Costs Less Than Postage-Stamp

An average of less than a third a pair is paid for the shoes produced in the States—assuming that all our shoes are used. The most that is paid for the use of all our shoes in making the highest-priced shoes is less than 5% cents a pair. The average royalty on all kinds of shoes is less than 2-3 cents a pair. From this we get our sole return for the manufacture and use of the machines, for setting them up in factories and keeping them in order. You pay two cents for a postage stamp or a yeast-cake and five cents for a car fare and don't miss it. Where do you get more for your money than in buying a machine-made shoe?

Write us and we will tell you all about it. The United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston, Mass.—Adv.

**Good Polish.**  
To make a polish for patent leather make a mixture of one part of linseed oil and two of cream. Mix it thoroughly and apply with a flannel, after removing every particle of dust from the shoes. Then rub the leather with a soft cloth.

There's always some man around to second any kind of a motion—except a motion that looks like work.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

Many a man has married in haste and paid alimony at leisure.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is a bottle.

The more birthdays a woman has the less they count.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for LEWIS' Single Binder cigar, 5c. Adv.

Treat people kindly and you will find them easier to work.

### THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals. Needles couldn't cut, tear or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used.

If such attacks are marked with headache, backache, dizziness and disturbances of the urine, it's time to help the weakened kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help sick kidneys.

**A Michigan Case.**  
Joseph Hoover, 328 S. Catherine St., Bay City, Mich., writes: "My back got so bad, I couldn't bend over. I often became so dizzy I had to sit down and rest. Doctors had failed to help me, and I was growing thin and weak. Doan's Kidney Pills went right to the spot. Three boxes cured me completely. I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York.

## W.B. MUFORM

**CORSETS.** Low bust—extreme length over hips; giving long figure lines. Selected materials, mainly trimmed. Guaranteed not to rust. Price \$1.00 up.  
Style No. 53. Medium bust. Style No. 48. Bust back, very long hips, medium bust, long, coutil or batiste, lace back very long, coutil trimmed. Hose sup- or batiste, coutil or batiste. Price \$1.00 up. Size 18 to 30. Price \$1.25. Price \$1.50.

**W.B. Elastine-Reduco Corsets**  
For Stout and Average Figures  
No. 780, low bust; coutil and batiste - \$3. No. 780, medium bust; coutil and batiste - \$3.50. At your dealer or direct postpaid. Art Calendar and Catalogue FREE. WEINGARTEN BROTHERS, Chicago, Ill.

## DISTEMPER COLTS

Your colts positively cannot have Distemper, Pinkeye, Influenza, Catarrh Fever or other similar diseases if you use Crat's Cure in time. If the disease is started it will not fail to cure in any case. Safe at all times and under all conditions. Go to your Druggist for a bottle.  
**CRAT'S DISTEMPER CURE**  
If it fails you get your money back. If it can't supply you write us. 5 valuable Horse Books free. Write Wells Medicine Co., 24 St. L. LaSalle, Ill.

**THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.**

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES**  
Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder. It relieves painful aching, tender, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, staid, aching feet. Always use it to break in new shoes. Try it today. Sold everywhere. 25 cents. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, address Allen H. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**FREE TO WOMEN—PISO'S TABLETS**  
are recommended as the best local remedy for women's ailments. Easy to use, prompt to relieve. Two weeks' treatment, and an article "Causes of Diseases in Women" mailed free. THE PISO COMPANY, BOX E, WARREN, PA.



# THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1913

## TRAVELER RELATES HIS WOES

Experience at Russian Custom House  
Worse Than Anything Experienced  
Even in America.

The method of examination of passengers' chattels by the Russian excise officers is the subject of an interesting article by Robert Weatherburn in "The Railway Magazine," the New York Tribune's London correspondent writes.

Describing his arrival at St. Petersburg, Mr. Weatherburn says: "Amid vociferations and hoarse shouting, we at length moored alongside the quay of Washili Ostroff (one of the islands on which St. Petersburg is built). The babel of tongues in various languages had almost a bewildering effect. From this I was aroused by the customs officials, who, seizing my trunks and boxes and demanding my passport, led me to their superior. The examination was pretty stiff, and it included the smelling and testing by a lot of dirty-handed persons of certain jars of preserves and plum cakes which I had taken in my baggage, and it was not exactly amusing to see the hasty and indiscriminate manner adopted in repacking those innocent articles.

"Heavy boots and plum cakes, preserves, writing paper and ink, well dressed white shirts and collars, neckties crammed into coat sleeves—all that had taken weeks to carefully pack and stow away—were thrown in a mass in a box or trunk, the gaping lids of which, failing to reach the lock by some inches, seemed to remain open mouthed in silent protest against such ill usage.

"Afterward the dirty hands were held out for 'natcha,' or tea money, an institution of which I knew more. The quarreling of the ivostochiks, or cabmen, who, like sharks, had already scented their prey, would at any other time have been intensely comical.

"After some trouble I succeeded in getting the lids of my boxes closed, but not until plum cake and boot heels, burst preserves, white shirts, ink, castor oil and pills were all commingling in one glorious state of democracy. Half an hour later found me in the English hotel, where, after recounting my troubles, I was laughed at, the experience being of nearly every-day occurrence."

## Making Man Love Woman.

Can a woman make a man love her? Yes, often she can if she lays herself out to do it. But not always. The most important point is that he must not know it.

The world's history has many instances of the love-compelling power of even unattractive women. Here's the recipe:

To compel love a woman must sympathize with a man.

She must not often contradict him.

She must flatter him and let him think that his opinion is the only one that matters.

She must put him into good conceit with himself.

She must exert her powers of charm and never bore him.

She must be bright and amusing in his presence.

She must see a good deal of him, for absence generally makes the heart grow fonder—of some one else.—Reboboth Sunday Herald.

## Jeffersonian Simplicity.

It was August. The secretary of state had called at the White House to talk over the impending war with Japan. The hired man was sitting on the front steps playing a mouth organ, while a rosy-cheeked maid kept time with her churning.

The secretary of state strolled around to the lot back of the executive mansion. Here he discovered the president and vice-president pitching horseshoes. Both wore overalls and gingham shirts.

"Howdy, Bill?" nodded the president and the vice-president.

"Howdy, Woody; howdy, Tom?" returned the secretary of state.

"Sit down and referee this game, Bill," said the president. "Tom has bet me a yearling heifer against my bicycle that he beats me. Then you can stay for supper, Bill, and we'll have a game of checkers."—Exchange.

## St. Kildan Parliament.

One feature of St. Kildan life would have appealed strongly to Doctor Johnson if he had carried out his intention of spending a winter on the island. "The men of St. Kilda," writes John Sands, "are in the habit of congregating in front of one of the houses almost every morning for the discussion of business. I called this assembly the parliament, and, with a laugh, they adopted the name. When the subject is exciting they talk with loud voices and all at one time, but when the question is once settled they work together in perfect harmony. Shall we go to catch solan-geese, or ling, or mend the boat today? Such are some examples of the questions that occupy the house. Sometimes disputes are settled by drawing lots."

## OLD ERRORS THAT PERSIST

Have Been Handed Down for Generations, and Are Hard to Eradicate from Youthful Minds.

One is surprised to find that in the mental storehouses of many pupils lie hidden quaint and curious ideas, distorted historical truths, popular fallacies, and false beliefs which modern historical criticism has long since banished to the realms of the historical novelist, the newspaper writer, and the maker of almanacs.

To suggest a few of these old friends: The Church of England was founded by Henry VIII because the pope would not allow him to marry Anne Boleyn, meets one constantly. Another interesting item is that the puritans were so much purer and better than the members of the Church of England that they were persecuted for religion.

Only the children of the rich planters were ever educated in Virginia or in the other southern colonies, and these children were sent to England or had tutors at home, for there were no schools of any kind in the south. Is a statement sincerely believed, historians to the contrary notwithstanding.

The king of England caused the revolution because he taxed the Americans so heavily. The king, in the student's mind, laid the tax and acted in a most outrageous fashion in general. Such a body as the English parliament or the English theory of representation appear to have made no mental impression upon him.

A royal colony was always tyrannically governed, and was much worse than a charter or proprietary government, the word "royal" evidently striking the democratic mind as fundamentally wrong.

Poetic justice is also ever present as to the ultimate end of certain notable personages. Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr always spend their last days in deepest poverty and remorse, while Columbus still persists in dying in prison and in chains. Jefferson is a peculiarly fortunate character, for the average pupil insists that he originated democracy and solemnly states that we owe our government by the people to the Sage of Monticello. He also wrote the constitution. This rather irritating falsehood is strangely common.—History Teachers' Magazine.

## Centenaries of Gas.

In 1792 a manufacturer in Redruth, in Cornwall, named Murdoch made gas to light his home and factory. Pall Mall in London, 1807, was the first street to be lighted by gas; Philadelphia introduced it in 1815; Boston in 1822, and New York in 1825. Gas is obtained from coal, which is heated in large retorts; the heavy gas drawn off passes by a pipe, called the hydraulic main, through a number of curved pipes called condensers, in which process coal tar and ammoniacal liquor condense and fall into a well. The gas passes to purifiers over slaked lime, which takes up sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid; it is then headed downward to the gas holder, a large tank having its base resting on water, and from which the gas is distributed to the consumers. Certain byproducts are obtained in the course of manufacture which are more valuable than the gas itself; these include coke, ammonia, aniline, phenol, or carbolic acid, naphthalene dyes, various artificial drugs and basic perfumes.—The Christian Herald.

## World Coal Supplies.

The British Board of Trade has just published a report in which it states that the total known coal production of the world, in 1911 (exclusive of brown coal or lignite) was about 1,050,000,000 tons, of which the United Kingdom produced more than one-fourth and the United States more than two-fifths. As compared with population the production in the United Kingdom was six tons per head, and in the United States a little less than five tons.

The output in the five principal coal-producing countries during 1911 was as follows: United Kingdom, 271,899,000 tons; Germany, 158,164,000; France, 38,023,000; Belgium, 22,683,000; with the United States at the head with 443,025,000.

The average value per ton of the coal taken at the collieries was: United Kingdom, \$1.982; Germany, \$2.375; Belgium, \$2.92; United States, \$1.432.

## Mail Carriers' New Job.

As the cost of numbering the population of the United States, and the collection of other statistics, cost the thirteenth census over \$2.50 per inhabitant, Director Durand, in his annual report suggests that mail carriers be used for future census work. He calls attention to the fact that much of the work was unsatisfactory, and also to the difficulty in inducing competent men to take up the work for the brief time in which they are engaged as enumerators. This branch, the field work, cost the government \$7,223,385, or about \$1.25 per inhabitant, and Mr. Durand believes that it can be done cheaper and better by the carriers, with their somewhat similar training. The postmaster general is said to favor the plan.

## Improvements.

Bacon—I wish they would install some kind of an apparatus to warm up the chickens in cold storage, so they wouldn't appear to be so long dead."

## The State Bank of Antioch

at Antioch, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 6th day of April 1913, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts, for the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

| RESOURCES.  |              |
|---|--------------|
| Loans on Real Estate.....                           | \$8,740 00   |
| Loans on Collateral Security.....                   | 4,600 00     |
| Other Loans and Discounts.....                      | 33,347 54    |
| Overdrafts.....                                     | 1136.67 64   |
| Investments:  |              |
| State, county and municipal bonds.....              | 19,871 75    |
| Public Service Corporation Bonds.....               | 22,950 00    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                     | 29,212 50    |
| Banking House.....                                  | 4,800 10     |
| Furniture and fixtures.....                         | 1,300 00     |
| Due from State Banks.....                           | 6,000 00     |
| Due from National Banks.....                        | 27,101 15    |
| Cash on Hand.....                                   | 5,370 00     |
| Currents.....                                       | 278 10       |
| Gold Coins.....                                     | 518 20       |
| Silver Coins.....                                   | 106 63       |
| Minor coin.....                                     |              |
| Checks and other Cash Items.....                    | 230 00       |
| Total Resources.....                                | \$254,478 74 |
| LIABILITIES.  |              |
| Capital Stock paid in.....                          | 25,000 00    |
| Surplus Fund.....                                   | 15,600 00    |
| Undivided Profits.....                              |              |
| Less current interest, expenses and taxes paid..... | 2,919 37     |
| Deposits:   |              |
| Time Certificates.....                              | 162,460 44   |
| Savings Deposits, Subject to Notice.....            | 7,806 06     |
| Demand Deposits, Subject to Check.....              | 42,582 88    |
| Miscellaneous Liabilities.....                      | 210 00       |
| Dividends unpaid.....                               | 210 00       |
| Total Liabilities.....                              | \$254,478 74 |

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss: I, W. F. Ziegler, Cashier of the State Bank of Antioch, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1913.

DANIEL A. WILLIAMS, Notary Public.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

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Lake County Title and Trust Co.  
Abstracts of Title, Titles Guaranteed.  
MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING  
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Ernest Bock to R M Guthrie and wf of lot 5, Shady Nook sub in sec 14, w Antioch wd \$ 1 00

Frank Dulleck to Lotus Point Rod & Gun club 1/2 acre lot in Jackson's sub Grass Lake wd 200 00

Henry Held and wf to P A Tehle 6 1/2 acres in sec 16, east Antioch twp wd 5500 00

P A Lux and wf to Catholic Bishop lot in the Village of Wadsworth wd 25 00

## FIRST BLOOD FOR BRIDGET

Colleen Scores Heavily in Repartee Match With Naggling Yorkshire Maid.

Bridget had just come over from Ireland, and she had started to work at a large firm in Bradford. One of the girls who was noted for being unfamiliar with soap was very aggressive to the young colleen. She had been teasing her one dinner hour, when a group of girls was watching. The repartee match waxed warm, the Yorkshire lass losing heavily. The finishing touch came when Bridget, suddenly turning to one of the girls, said:

"What's this one's name?" pointing to her rival.

"Lily," was the answer.

"What!" said Bridget, ironically.

"Judging by her dirty face, I've been after taking her for a spud—never mind a lily."—Tit-Bits

Grammar as a Burglar Alarm.  
Mrs. Hubb—I allow my husband no latch key. He rings and I ask who's there; then he says, "It's I," and I open the door.

Mrs. Kowler—But suppose a thief should ring and say the same thing—you'd be in a fix.

Mrs. Hubb—Oh, a thief wouldn't answer "It's I;" he'd say, "It's me."

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

### Last Week's

The final examination in Civics was given last week.

Tests are being given this week on the work covered during March.

Why don't the A. H. S. boys get more enthusiastic about athletics?

This week the writing class has been studying the formation of figures.

Mary is still among the absent ones. "Spring fever."

We get a quarter holiday Friday, our attendance averaging too low to gain us a half holiday.

### This week's

The teachers attended the meeting held at Libertyville Saturday.

The finals will soon be here. Review, review! (Let's say we did and don't.)

The Political Economy class is studying "credit" and "paper money."

Too much wireless telegraphy between the Freshmen and Sophomores.

Who will be on the next program?

Will we get a half holiday this month?

Pupils neither absent nor tardy during the month of March.

High School Room—Marguerite Mc-

You bring  
the  
Best light  
and a  
Tireless  
Servant in  
Your House  
When its  
Wired for  
Electricity

Its easily and cheap-  
ly done. We'll tell  
you how

Public Service Co.  
of Northern Illinois

Spring Has Arrived at Last  
And so has all the spring and summer goods including men's work shoes and boots.

|   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| Men's Work shoes, at                                  | \$2.50 to \$3.00 |
| Men's 12 inch boots                                   | \$3.50 to \$4.25 |
| Boy's work shoes                                      | \$2.00 to \$2.25 |
| Full line of ladies' oxfords in Button and lace       | 2.75 to 3.50     |
| Boy's tan shoes                                       | 2.00 to 2.25     |
| Child's tan shoes                                     | 1.20 to 1.75     |
| Ladies', misses' and children white canvas shoes from | 1.00 to 3.00     |

The City Shoe Store

J. R. CRIBB, Proprietor

## Pianos Player Pianos

Talking machines, Records, Cylinder and disc, Record cabinets, Music cabinets, Guitars, Mandolins, Violins, Banjos, Cases, Music Satchels and rolls, Cameras, we also carry supplies of all kinds.

Singer Sewing Machines and Supplies

LATEST SHEET MUSIC

TRY US

HONEST GOODS and HONEST PRICES

Easy Terms Given

FULTON MUSIC COMPANY

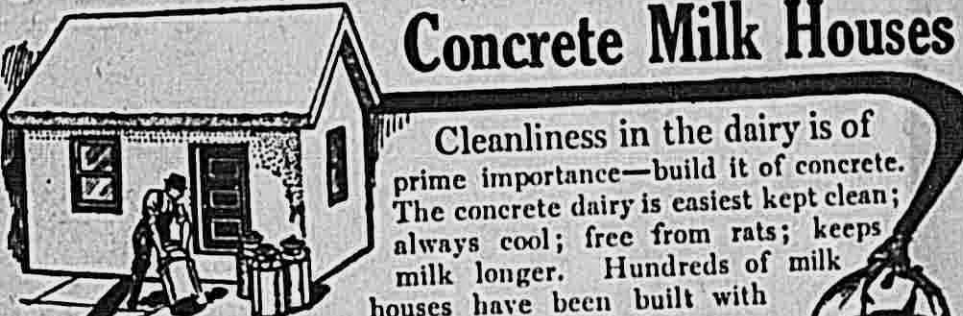
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## TUNING AND REPAIRING

Leave your order with us if you

Want a Real First Class tuning done on your piano or refinished by a man with 15 yrs experience with one of the largest houses in Chicago.

The price is right and work guaranteed



## Concrete Milk Houses

Cleanliness in the dairy is of prime importance—build it of concrete. The concrete dairy is easiest kept clean; always cool; free from rats; keeps milk longer. Hundreds of milk houses have been built with

Chicago AA Portland Cement

It is the favorite brand with farmers because always uniform—every batch of concrete always alike—the finished work sure to be of uniform strength and color throughout. Let us give you a Free book about Concrete Milk Houses. Tell how to economically and successfully with "Chicago AA" Cement. Or, if you prefer, write Chicago Portland Cement Co., 39 N. La Salle St., Chicago, for a copy.

GOODRICH LUMBER CO.



"Young man, when you buy a buggy, be sure it's a Studebaker"

Sound advice from the man who has been driving one for twenty years.

When you buy a Studebaker buggy you are buying all the skill, experience and science in buggy building that half a century can produce. You are protecting yourself against the mistakes of younger builders.

You will always be proud of the Studebaker nameplate, for there isn't a buggy on the road that is its equal for style, luxury and good looks.

Flexible bent-reach gear, graceful lines, solid corner, plugless body, double-ironed shafts, are a few of the special Studebaker features.

The new close-fitting shifting rail is enough in itself to make you buy a Studebaker buggy.

See our Dealer or write us.

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## LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the  
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., April 14.—The committee declared butter at 33c.

Up-to-date shirts at Webb's. adv  
Hay, straw and oats at Hunt's. adv  
Douglas work shoes at Webb's. adv  
Ray Webb spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Order your farm machinery now, at Hunt's.  
New hobby things in boys suits at Webb's.

Henry Herman was a Waukegan caller Tuesday.

George Lynch of Chicago was an Antioch visitor Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Wells on Sunday, a daughter.

Arthur Herman of Evanston visited over Sunday with relatives here.

Misses Gertrude Felner and Pearl Filweber spent Monday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lefe Bell moved their household goods to Chicago Tuesday.

Mrs. Johannott, Mrs. Kuhaupt and Mrs. Oliver Cubbon spent Wednesday in Chicago.

For Sale—Northern Wisconsin Russian White seed oats. C. R. Thorn, Antioch.

Miss Ada Butrick packed her household goods Saturday for removal to Chicago.

Come in and see the new I. H. C. corn planter with automatic marker at Hunt's.

The Waukegan rug man will be in Antioch to take orders Tuesday, April 22. Leave orders at this office. adv

Mr. Link of Chicago has a display of novelties at Webb's Racket store. Several men wanted as local agents. adv

Supervisor Conrad, Ex-Sheriff Griffin, Dan Grady and Peter McDermott of Waukegan were Antioch callers Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Palmer and daughter returned home the first of the week from a week's visit with relatives in Chicago.

Miss Tena Larson of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting her mother here, having returned to Antioch on account of the recent death of her father.

Wanted—Man and wife to work on small farm. Good place and good wages to the right parties. Inquire at this office. adv

For Sale—An Arabian mare, gentle, anyone can drive, also a three-year-old Arabian colt. Can be seen on the farm a mile north-east of Antioch. A. Zelinger. adv 2w

Lost—A breastpin, shape of half moon set with rhinestones and row of pearls on Main street between Osmonds house and the stores. A liberal reward will be paid if returned to this office.

## Bestor's Chord Chart

I will guarantee you can play any and all chords on a piano by the use of my chart.

Something new  
Directions on every chart.  
Young or old makes no difference—NO NOTES TO LEARN.  
Money back if you fail.

Come in or write  
Complete Chart is 25c.

## Fulton Music Co. Antioch, Illinois

More Treasures Leave England.

One of the best preserved masterpieces of Elizabethan interior decoration in England is doomed to be dismantled in order to adorn the mansion of some American magnate. A West End firm has acquired, lock, stock and barrel, the Elizabethan building, with its Queen Anne additions, known as Rotherwas, the seat of the Bodenham family, situated about two and a half miles from Hereford. The mansion had descended in unbroken line from George Bodenham, who lived in the reign of Henry I. to Count Lubienaki Bodenham, who died last year. The superb paneling—Elizabethan, Jacobean and Queen Anne—of thirteen of the apartments is now to be taken to New York. Rotherwas is mentioned in Domesday Book—London Globe.

Overworked.  
Mrs. Knags—If we women had the time to read the papers as you men have we'd know just as much about politics and other things as you.  
Mr. Knags—But, my dear, you have just as much time as I.  
Mrs. Knags—Nonsense! I never have time enough to get through with the household department, the women's page, the marriage, the divorce news and the society column and often have to skip the death records and to bargain advertisements.

Gasoline stoves at Hunt's. adv  
The latest thing in hats at Webb's.

Mrs. E. L. Simons spent Wednesday in Chicago.

Alfalfa, clover, rape and timothy seed, at Hunt's. adv

Good rain coats from \$5 to \$10 at Webb's.

Libertyville voted Tuesday to erect a \$10,000 city hall.

A. N. Tiffany transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

Chase Webb was a Chicago business passenger Wednesday.

Miss Mable Turner of Grayslake visited Antioch friends this week.

For Sale—Good work horse and sulky plow. T. R. Wilton, Antioch. 3w-adv

Ernest Kelly and Harold Williams of Chicago spent Sunday with relatives here.

Misses Bird Robbins and Pearl Lux of Chicago visited at the home of the latter's parents a couple of days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Felner and daughter Miss Eva left Monday to spend a few days with relatives at Walworth, Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanPatten this week moved into the Morley cottage on Depot street.

An election for one school director will be held at the school house Saturday evening. Let all who are interested turn out and vote.

For Sale Cheap—Washing machine, wringer and folding washing bench, all in good order. \$5 takes the whole thing. Inquire of Mrs. Hughes, Telephone office. adv

Notice  
All those knowing themselves indebted to us are requested to call and settle by May 1, 1913. All accounts not settled by that time will be placed in attorneys hands for collection. Gauger Bros. & Co. adv.

CASTORIA  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

NOTICE FOR BIDS  
On the Property and Contents of the Antioch Creamery Association

Public Notice is hereby given that the directors of the Antioch Creamery Association, located at Antioch, Lake county, Illinois, will receive sealed bids on and up to Thursday, May 1, 1913, for the sale of the Antioch Creamery, its contents and out-buildings, which are as follows:

Lot, 60x150 feet. Two-story building 28x40 feet; one-story boiler room, 22x24 feet; ice house, 16x20, 18 feet high; 65 feet shed and barn; 20-horse power boiler; 14 horse power engine; 2 separators; 1 cream vat; 1 600 gallon churn; 1 vat heater; 1 20-barrel water tank; 1 steam pump.

Bids will be received on the whole property, or any part thereof, and the directors reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

Send all bids to the secretary, A. N. Tiffany, Antioch, Ill.

N. J. Crowley, President.  
A. N. Tiffany, Secretary

Cruise's Problem.  
Robinson Crusoe bent and looked at the footprint in the sand. "Of course," said he to himself, "this indicates that Friday is somewhere near."

Then his brow knit in perplexity. "But what in thunder am I going to do to keep the reader's attention for the next four days?"

He began kicking sand into the footprint.

"For this," he murmured, "this is Monday, all day!"

Who Knows the Shaddock?  
And here is a man who says that the shaddock isn't the grape fruit at all—that they are no more alike than pigs are like gazelles. "I have," he says, "never seen a shaddock here in the market. The shaddock is a big as six grape fruits. You would have to get more than 75 cents for it; because one shaddock would serve a party of six any time. The juice tastes very different from the grape fruit." He also declares that the grape fruit should not have any bitter taste—that this taste is imparted to it by falling on the ground, the spray from the rind being sent through the pulp by the fall. "If," he says, "Americans could get the fruit of the grape fruit as it is picked they would never again eat the fruit that has been knocked about from hand to hand." All of which is referred to the scientific men, who say that the shaddock and the grape fruit and the pomelo are all citrus decumana, and consequently the same thing.—New York Mail.

Spring suits for men at Webb's. adv  
Wilson's stock salts, at Hunt's. adv

Hole-proof hosiery at Webb's. adv  
Owing to the drop in linseed oil, paint has been reduced at Hunt's.

Good drinking coffee for 25 cents at Webb's. adv

James H. Reading left on Tuesday for a 20 days trip to California.

For Rent—A five room house on Lake street. Inquire of Joe Savage. adv

Mrs. R. C. Higgins of Libertyville visited Antioch friends Wednesday.

The teachers from this vicinity attended the teachers' meeting at Libertyville Saturday.

Notice  
I wish to notify all persons who are indebted to me that I have placed their accounts with the Bank of Antioch for collection. Wm. Garret.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

All who have made subscriptions to pipe organ and debt fund, please pay to Mr. Ziegler as soon as possible, all money must be collected before we can order the organ.

We still need your help on the pipe organ or debt fund. Please give your subscription to the pastor.

The Sunday school is engaged in an eight week attendance contest. Effie Kelly is the captain of the white side and Marie Johonott of the blue. The losing side must give a banquet or social to the winners. Both sides are busy, a special secretary will give the standing of each side every Sunday until the close.

The topic of the sermon next Sunday morning will be: "The Prodigal Son." Come and here an exposition of this great parable. At 7:30 preaching by the pastor. Rev. Iverson, the new pastor of Liberty congregational church, is expected to lead the singing.

Don't forget the Winston Melody Makers Entertainment in the church Friday night, this week. Only 25c and for the benefit of the pipe organ and debt.

CHICAGO DRAMATIC CLUB WILL GIVE  
PLAY APRIL 26th

A four act comedy "A Day in the Country" is slated to appear at the Antioch opera house, Saturday evening April 26, under the auspices of St. Peter's Catholic church.

This play has been given four times in Chicago, with great success by the same cast that will appear here and no doubt this production will add another honor to their list.

Music and readings by celebrated artists between acts.

PROGRAM  
Larry Brice,..... Nathaniel Hill  
Hetty Brice,..... Miss Elizabeth  
Birmingham.  
Carrie,..... Miss Agnes Mulligan  
Mrs. Graham,..... Mrs. Agnes Hart  
Mr. Rolliston,..... John Enright  
Mr. Colton,..... Richard Birmingham  
Sammy Felch,..... James Gormley  
Mrs. Julia Stickney Crane,.....  
..... Miss France Mulligan  
Mrs. Colton,..... Miss Frances Malony  
Mrs. Applebee, Miss Winifred Lagorio  
Mrs. Fan Rolliston, Miss Anna Keeler  
Policeman,..... Richard Birmingham  
Stage Manager,..... Mr. John Franz

1 Breakfast Room.....  
2 7:15 A. M. Month of May  
2 Living Room.....  
..... Time: 2 P. M. same time  
Act 3 Living Room.....  
..... Evening same day  
Act 4 Lawn in front of Brice home  
..... Sunday morning  
Helen Bowles of Chicago who helped entertain at the bazaar last fall will again entertain the audience between acts with new pieces.

Miss Madeline Massmann, winner of the diamond medal at the Chicago musical college, will give piano recitals during the intermission.

Admission, Adults 35c. Children 15c.

Greek View of the Unfit.  
In connection with the prevalent disposition of great corporations to exclude drinking men from their employment, consider this remark which Xenophon credits to Socrates: "If my friends, when a war was coming upon us, we should wish to choose a man by whose exertions we might ourselves be preserved, and might gain the mastery over our enemies, should we select one whom we knew to be unable to resist gluttony, or wine or sensuality, or fatigue or sleep? Or, if, being at the close of life, we should wish to commit to anyone the guardianship of our sons or the care of our unmarried daughters, or the preservation of our property, should we think an intemperate man worthy of confidence for such purposes?"

The Greeks were above all things reasonable. Temperance to their clear vision was one of the greatest of virtues.

## LURE OF TREASURE HUNTING HAD NO DELUSIONS AT ALL

For the Sake of Romance and Adventure Do Not Discourage the Seeker of Treasure.

For the sake of romance and adventure and all that puts color into life it is to be hoped that the failure of the expedition which recently went to the Isle of Cocos in search of pirate gold will not mark the end of treasure hunting. In the interest also of the good town of Panama, where the treasure seekers are wont to outfit and buy supplies, we should point out that negative results never really proved anything. There may be gold on Cocos. There may be millions of pieces of eight and jewels galore and wine which the buccaneers, who had more than they could drink, laid aside for a rainy day. Because many treasure hunters have ransacked Cocos from end to end no man can say that the next treasure hunter will not find that for which all the others have labored and sought in vain.

Treasure hunters are of the earth's salt. They are the dreamers of great dreams, the seers of wonderful vision, the makers of romance. All the world loves or should love them. The news of the day is too much hardened with heavy reading. One wears at last of political and social reform, of divorce and murder in sordid bar-rooms, of the cost of living and the course of the markets. There is a craving for something not so commonplace, for something less prosaic, for something which has a touch of moonshine in it. Let us not, therefore, discourage the treasure hunters with cold reason like a dash of cold water. Let us rather fan their enthusiasm and keep it forever aglow so that as long as newspapers exist there may be now and then a tale of Cocos Island wedged in between the tariff and the trusts.

Motor Cars at Church.  
"Where did you go Sunday morning?"  
"I went to church."  
"You did? Was the service well attended?"  
"It must have been."  
"Why do you say it must have been? Don't you know?"  
"Well, there were fourteen different makes of motor cars standing outside."

Sweet Angelina Did Not Give the Sweet Response Henry So Anxiously Expected.

Love's young dream is indeed a beautiful thing. Sweet Angelina and Henry thought it hardly possible such bliss could be theirs as they sat on the river bank in the cool of an August evening.

They met only at week-ends, for he was a toiler in the city, and he found it cheaper to lodge near his work.

And now the blessed week-end spent at home was here, and he could see nothing but uninterrupted happiness till Monday morning. He slipped his arm round his sweetheart's waist.

"Dearest!" he said.

Her gaze was fixed on the water.

"Darling!" he murmured again, drawing her towards him. "Can you guess why I come home every Saturday?"

"Yes," was the scarcely whispered answer.

"What is it, dearest?" he asked, anxiously waiting for the sweet reply that he felt sure must be hovering on those pretty lips.

"It's—it's for your clean clothes, isn't it?" she queried softly.

To Town Under False Pretences.  
"I was born in the dark of the moon and foredoomed to ride two loads in the rear of the antepennultimate!" mordaciously explained Pip Maudlin, the popular clubman of Skeedee, as he stood humped up and hopeless at Tenth street and Grand avenue. "I read in the 'Speaking the Public Mind' department in The Star where a helpful gent announced that the wind was giving a grand free exhibition at this corner by floating the hats of the men as high as the tops of the buildings and starting the lingerie of the ladies in the same direction. Having business in Kay See this week, anyhow, I set my date two days ahead and came right along. And now, by jimplecute, as soon as I get here the wind dies down flat, till if I had the only match within a hundred miles I could light my cigar with perfect safety. And I find that in my haste to get here I forgot to bring the list of things I wanted to buy. Arr-r-r-r!"—Kansas City Star.

RUBBERS FOR 50c.  
Men's Heavy Dull Finish Roll Edge Rubbers  
50c.  
Sizes 6 to 11  
Dozens of them but at the price they wont last long

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DEAR MR. CUSTOMER:—

Don't be weak on the price proposition, it's really a secondary consideration.

"Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten"

A growth based on honest endeavor to give quality, to emphasize the good, to avoid error, is permanent and carries within itself an impetus for continual advancement.

We handle the very best material on the market, and our prices are based upon the Quality of the article.

PLUMBING & HEATING, a specialty.  
Strictly sanitary plumbing (Guaranteed) whether your water supply is from city or otherwise.

Prices and Estimates given on the following

Hot water, steam, warm air furnace heating, acetylene and gasoline gas piping and fixtures, pneumatic water supply systems, gasoline and kerosene engines, pumps and well supplies, pipe and fittings, galvanized iron cornices, eaves troughs and gutter, builders hardware, stoves and ranges, gasoline and kerosene stoves, fishing tackle, American wire field fences, guns and ammunition, National copper cable lightning rods and General Repairing

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Exceptionally low prices, on

MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
Williams Bros. Antioch Store  
Inc. Established 1871  
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One Way to Cure Habit of Stuttering.  
Recently a well-known woman physician wrote a pamphlet on "Stuttering Children," and sent it to all his friends. In it she told the mothers of all children who are inclined to stutter that the way to aggravate the affliction is to notice it.  
"Pay no attention to it," she wrote, "but when the child talks particularly clearly, praise him for it. Keep him in the open air as much as possible. There are only a few cases that must be sent to a school to overcome the stuttering habit."

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J. C. James, Clerk

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Richard Lightnaut, an American with an accented English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a letter from Thomas Jenkins, a man of surprises to the wearer. Lightnaut dons the pajamas and late at night, up for a smoke, he notices the Jenkins, a man in a tuxedo, calling to recognize Lightnaut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant came to the door, the Chinese man is dying to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming the letter's contents. The next morning, Lightnaut tells Lightnaut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. Jack Billings, a policeman, tells Jack Billings Lightnaut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home. The judge, a big, egg-shaped man with a beautiful ego, tells Lightnaut to go to bed. Lightnaut is shocked by the girl's smoking and the judge tells him that the girl is Frances and puzzles him with a story of her love for her slave, a room-mate. Lightnaut is told that the girl is missing and Lightnaut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is greeted by a huge crowd that calls him "the kid" but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnaut and the judge. Lightnaut goes to bed in the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnaut awakes to find himself in a mutual chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who call "Foxey Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnaut's guest and appeals to the judge to let him go. The judge tells him to go. The next morning Lightnaut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets up and finds the latter wearing his clothes. Lightnaut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl who is missing, and Lightnaut speaks to her and she includes to the night before. She declares that Lightnaut is not the man she loved. Lightnaut indignantly that Lightnaut is Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky fellow, when Lightnaut is asked to go. Lightnaut is told that the boy who often threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnaut takes the next train and the judge storms at Lightnaut. Lightnaut discovers mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. The judge interprets the characters. He saves over what he calls the lost silk of Si-Ling-Chow, wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the previous wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for the night. The professor's room and is taken home in an automobile. Lightnaut calls "the frump. Lightnaut is angered by "the frump's slanderous talk about Frances. Lightnaut tells the servant, tells Lightnaut that a message has just been received stating that Billings is calling a suit for the night. Lightnaut is told that the girl is Frances. Judge Billings astonished Lightnaut with a tale of his own. Lightnaut is given permission to spend the night with Frances. The judge declares that not another living person will see the job, and the beautiful Frances, is given mystified. Policeman O'Keefe returns the black pajamas to Lightnaut. Lightnaut has an interesting hour with Frances. He tells of the judge's story. Lightnaut is told that Frances Billings refuses to concede for a man under the judge's name. The judge promises Jack to wear the pajamas that night. Next morning Jenkins is fighting with a young man in the library during the night. Jack Billings tells Lightnaut that the judge is going to the reformatory.

CHAPTER XXIX—(Continued).  
"Is anything the matter, Mr. Little?" she asked, coming toward me and how kindly, almost tenderly, sweet face softened!  
"Is it anything about Jacky?" sniped the frump.  
I shook my head and just replaced the little wrapped parcel in Frances' hands. My hand shook almost dropped it.  
"Some—something of yours that lost," I said, and I knew my eye shook a little, too. "I was fortunate in recovering it." I looked at her for the last time, I knew—and it just my devilish luck that she shrank misty and dim. I whispered hoarsely "Open when you are alone."  
And then I walked straight out of the house!  
A gardener directed me to the gates, but there were so many dales, curves and terraces I got hopelessly twisted, and pretty soon didn't know whether I was leaving or coming; don't you know. I sat down on a bench to think it over, and, by and by, I must have dozed off, for the first thing I knew some one yelled my name, and I looked up to see—  
He was looking a bit agitated and heveled, and his eyes had a hard look.  
"What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded.  
"I—I'm going," I said, hurriedly.  
"Just resting," I said.  
"They told me I would find you here," he said. "Here you are sitting out here in the hot sun with any hat! Good thing, Dick, you haven't got any h-m!" The pantant at me: "Say, nice way and my sister treated me—I think! But I'll forgive you this time. Here be linked his arm in mine and forgive you, if you never say anything at the club about those d-d black pajamas—nor in the paper either. Great Scott! I wouldn't let this get out!"  
"I wouldn't think of such a thing," I exclaimed, immeasurably relieved but indignant, as well. He crossed the turf.  
"Oh, I've had an awful time, a-awful!" he lifted his hands—don't want to tell you about it—want even to think about it myself."  
I murmured something sympathetic. I felt sympathetic with any

"Do—do you think so?" I questioned nervously.

"Pretty sure," said Billings carelessly. "Fact is, he's already fixing up to send Francis to some kind of reformatory—heard him making the arrangements over the 'phone"—I was glad he didn't look at me as he rattled on—"and, by the way, the governor told me to tell you not to say a word to Francis—I suppose you'll understand."

Understand? Oh, yes, I understood! "And he said he wanted to see you."

"Is—he is here?" I stammered, pulling back.

"Thank goodness, no. Gone to meet Colonel Francis Kirkland—say, don't say anything about it—wants to surprise his daughter, you know. On his way to London via San Francisco—arrived at Washington a few days ago."

Oh, the trump's father! Much I cared! But knowing how interested he was in her, I tried to show an interest.

"Colonel Francis—er— isn't his daughter named after him?" And I felt myself grow jolly red, for I remembered that she had told me that about her friend as she sat on the arm of the Morris chair and in the black pajamas.

"Hanged if I know," said Billings carelessly. "I don't know what her name is—don't remember that I ever heard. He whistled. "Say, but did you ever see anything as stunningly beautiful as *you*, life?"

They'd never been whitened since he bought them.

I seemed to anger him. He uttered a sort of snort with a muttered uncomplimentary and strode forward, towering above me where I sat.

"Answer, when I'm talking to you, you sapheaded fool," he belowed, "I'll wring your neck! I asked if you wanted some more."

I stretched my arms, trying the muscle arm in a lengthy yawn, and blinked at him with my free eye, wondering where the deuce he got the crimson hat band. By Jove, that was the most dashed impertinent thing I'd ever seen!

"More what?" I drawled indifferently.

"More—of that!"—viciously—a thwack his knuckles struck against the iron back of the jolly bench. For I wasn't there, don't you know.

"Huh! Think you're some smart don't you?" he sneered, hitching his trousers band. "Now, look here!"

He leveled his finger—"you're a good here—and I know I oughtn't to do it—and I hate it for Jack's sake, but I feel I'll just have to give you another trimming this lovely morning!"

He chuckled, rolling his lips as he spreading them till I could see even tooth. He moved toward me leisurely slipping up his sleeves. "What you got last night, sonny, was for your own sake, but this time it's going to be for Francis'—you fishworm!"

"Guess we'll leave Miss Francis

I balked. "But Joe, I had been doing some mild lying within the past twenty-four hours, but this was asking too much. Dash me if I just could go it, that's all. But he didn't seem to notice."

He slapped me on the back. "By George, Dicky, there's just the girl cut out for you, old chap—take my tip. I think she likes you, too—could see it just now when I was talking about you."

So that was it. I reflected gloomily. The tramp now was to be worked off on me, and I was expected to stand for it. I was to be a sort of what-you-call-it offering on the altar of friendship. That was the condition upon which he was patching up things!

Billings laughed suddenly. "But, oh, I tell you it would be hard on Francis—a regular knockout, by George!"

Devilish brutal for him to say so, I thought.

"Do you think so?" I questioned dismally. "Would Francis really

"Oh, yes," he said lightly. "Soon get over it, though—puppy love, you know."

Puppy love, indeed! By Jove, how I hated Billings!

He went on: "Suppose you never heard anything of the professor and the pajamas?"

I had not, and I was devilish sick of pajamas, anyway.

"And say, Dicky, I don't remember that I ever thanked you properly, old man, for putting up my kid brother the other night. He says you treated him like a brick and that you and he got to be great pals. So much obliged, old chap, because he wanted to go running around, you know."

"Your brother?" I questioned, astonished, and I guess my face must have showed it.

"Didn't he stay with you?" he snapped.

I stared blankly. "Why, Billings—I didn't know—I didn't remember you had a brother. I never have seen him."

"He's a queerer specimen and he

of it, don't you know," I murmured. "Dash the fellow's impudence! remembering I was wearing a dark cheviot that was the very first for showing every speck of dirt slipped out of it and looked about as good as a piece of old rag somewhere to hang it. Not a place, of course; not a thing

"Be a

Billings face swelled with an oath. He struck his fist down with an oath. He looked angrily toward the house. Then he stepped hurriedly in advance of me.

"Excuse me, old chap, will you?" he said, his voice hardened. "Will see you at luncheon—make yourself at home, won't you?"

CHAPTER XXX.

Under the Pergola.

Make myself at home! I sneaked into the yard at night in a convenient

tooth. He moved toward me leisurely, slipping up his sleeves. "What you got last night, sonny, was for your own sake, but this time it's going to be for Frances—you fishworm!"

"Guess we'll leave Miss Frances

"Yes, I saw it all," she said, and moved toward her, murmuring so jolly effort at apology. Her eyes were shining. "I saw it all, sir—and her

There need be no doubt about ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to remedy woman's diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical. Won't you try it?

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[illegible]







## RURAL NEWS ITEMS

### LAKE VILLA

Edgar Kerr and John Leonard were home over Sunday.

Mrs. Murrie and sons spent Monday in Grayslake.

E. O. Hawkins and father returned last week from a trip to Texas.

T. D. Sexton was in Lake Villa Saturday looking over his interest.

The masons began laying brick for the Barnstable building Monday.

Our teachers attended the Teachers' meeting at Libertyville Saturday.

Paul Avery and Nels Steffenberg were in Chicago on business Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Heil of Nebraska is visiting her brother, H. J. Nelson and family.

Mrs. Lowrie is enjoying a visit with her mother, who has been south on a visit and has been detained from going to her home in Ohio by the floods there.

The funeral of Rufus Thayer a brother of E. Thayer of this place, was held at the church Monday, being brought here from his home in Kansas, with burial in Sand Lake cemetery.

B. J. Hooper surprised his many friends by quietly slipping away to Chicago last Saturday evening and being married, and is now receiving congratulations. They will make their home in the Dicks cottage.

Don't forget the school meeting Saturday, April 19. Polls will be opened at 7:30 p. m., and closed at 9 p. m. One director will be elected to take place of Fred Hucker whose term expires. Come out and show your school spirit.

### RUSSELL

George Wilson was a Kenosha visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Ben Schosser is entertaining her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patch of Chicago are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. George Sivers is spending some time with her daughter in Milwaukee.

Mrs. George Clark and daughter Jennie were Wadsworth visitors Monday.

Ralph Wilson of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, visited Thursday night with relatives here.

Miss Amy Ames attended the funeral of her cousin, Mrs. Wallace in Waukegan Thursday.

News reached here of the death of John Edwards of Kenosha. Burial at Kenosha Friday. Mr. Edwards lived in our village several months at one time, and was greatly liked by all. His many friends extend sympathy.

### PETRIFIED FALLS IN ALGERIA

Remarkable Mineral Formation Which Puzzles Scientists Called "The Bath of the Damned."

With all the beauty of a cataract of living water, there is in Algeria a remarkable petrified waterfall which recently has been engaging the attention of scientists.

This is the Hammam-Meskutun, which means "The Bath of the Damned," and is located 62 miles from Constantine, on the site of the ancient town of Ciria. This solidified cascade is the production of calcareous deposits from sulphurous and ferruginous mineral springs, issuing from the depths of the earth at a temperature of 95 degrees Centigrade.

"The Bath of the Damned," even from a near viewpoint, looks for all the world like a great wall of water dashing into a swirling pool at its foot, yet its gleaming, graceful curves and the apparently swirling eddies at its base are as fixed and immovable as if carved from the face of a granite cliff.

Many centuries have, of course, gone to the making of the deposits, and the springs were well known to the ancient Romans. The name Hammam-Meskutun was given to the stone cataract in an allusion to a legend that the waterfall was petrified by Allah, punishing the impiety of unbelievers by turning all the members of a tribe into stone. At night, so the story runs, its stone dwellers of the remote past are freed from their strange fetters, come to life and resume their normal shapes.

Paradise for Grouches. A new game for nurseries of grouches has been started up at Coney Island. It is called "The Cave of Destructiveness."

The proprietor has an endless supply of crockery, and for 5 cents you can break as much china with three balls as your aim permits.

A crowd is about the booth all day, and many sour-faced men go away wearing broad smiles.—New York Sun.

### MILLBURN

Albert Jack spent Sunday with his family here.

School meeting at the various schools Saturday, April 19.

Miss Maude Cleveland spent the week end with home folks.

A. H. Stewart is visiting his children in Chicago this week.

Messrs. Bonner and McCredie transacted business in Milwaukee Monday.

Mrs. Safford, A. K. Bain and Leslie Bonner were Chicago visitors the past week.

The C. E. society postponed their entertainment on account of the bad roads.

Roy Hughes of Libertyville visited over Sunday with his wife, who is taking care of her mother, Mrs. Spafford.

### TRIBUTE TO BARD OF AVON

Garden Contains Every Shrub, Flower or Plant Mentioned in Plays of Shakespeare.

Tradition has it that Shakespeare was a frequent partaker of the hospitality dispensed at a certain tavern in Brentford, and until recently this was the only direct association which this portion of Greater London could claim with the world's chief dramatist.

Now, however, a tram-ride to the Shakespeare garden in Ravenscourt park, Hammersmith, brings the poet's devotees to a little green board which conveys this intimation: "This garden contains all the herbs and garden plants mentioned in Shakespeare's works."

Many an interesting hour may be spent here in an occupation at once literary and horticultural, in locating in garden-bed and printed page the whereabouts of the plants and flowers which figure in Shakespearean dramas.

On the estate of the countess of Warwick in Essex there is a worthy tribute to the Bard of Avon. It is a piece of land known as the "Shakespeare Border," and includes every flower, shrub, and vegetable mentioned by the poet. Every specimen is labeled, not only with its botanical name, but also with the quotation from the play in which it is mentioned.—London Mail.

### REALLY NO MYSTERY AT ALL

Hostess Hits on Right Dishes for Dyspeptic and Woman Who Was Reducing Weight.

When the Lawtons had lived in Willow Park about a month, they were invited to a succession of little dinners at the houses of their new neighbors. Mr. Lawton was on a dyspeptic diet, and Mrs. Lawton was endeavoring to reduce her weight.

"I suppose we shall have to eat all sorts of things we don't wish, or else seem rude," said Mrs. Lawton, mournfully, as they set out for the first dinner.

To their growing surprise, the bills of fare placed before them at each dinner, although not remarkably varied, were all composed of such dishes as they could both enjoy.

"I don't see how you all hit on just the right thing, when Mr. Lawton and I really are such difficult guests," said Mrs. Lawton in a burst of confidence one afternoon when the neighbors were taking tea with her.

The ladies looked at each other, and then one of them spoke. "You know Mary Sloan, who comes to wash for you Tuesday mornings?" she said. "Well, I have her Mondays, and Mrs. Green has her Wednesdays, and she irons for Mrs. Porter Thursdays, and scrubs for Miss Homer Fridays, so you see—"

Her voice trailed off into silence, but Mrs. Lawton no longer wondered; she saw.

Misfit Labels. "Economizing sometimes produces ludicrous results," a woman said. "When we moved last October we used travelers' tags to label the kitchen supplies, and when we went traveling in May we tried to save money by using those same tags which, as luck would have it, happened to get fastened on wrong side up, and when we got down to the pier all our luggage was labeled 'Sugar,' 'Flour,' 'Prunes,' 'Bread' and 'Roast Pork.' Instead of Laura, Margaret and Pauline Smith, and although we finally got straightened out, you really cannot blame the crew for slyly poking fun at us all the way over."

Difference of Opinion. The large man with the red nose sneezed hugely.

"You seem to have a bad cold," remarked the small one.

The large individual glared. "It's the best, broadest, noisiest most successful cold I ever had!" he retorted. "I guess you are a bum authority on colds, ain't you?"

And the thin man dived into his newspaper.

## Farm Interests

Edited by HENRY G. BELL

Agonomist Middle West Soil Improvement Committee—Chicago—of the National Fertilizer Association  
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"Experience Has Shown That the Right Use of Fertilizers, Barren Manure, Proper Tillage, Good Seed and Crop Rotations, Insure Farm Prosperity."

### HOW TO ASSIST THE MEADOW.

Hay yield depends on:

- (1) Drainage of soil.
- (2) Organic matter in soil.
- (3) Mixture of grass and clover growing.
- (4) Freedom from weeds.
- (5) Fertility in soil.

Meadow mixtures:

I.—10 pounds common red clover, 5 pounds alsike, 7 pounds timothy, 22 pounds mixture per acre.

II.—8 pounds common red clover, 4 pounds alsike, 6 pounds timothy, 2 pounds tall oat grass, 2 pounds meadow fescue, 22 pounds mixture per acre.

III.—20 pounds alfalfa seed per acre.

Methods of improvement:

I.—Drain: (a) open all surface drains; (b) see that tile drains are working; (c) open sufficient new drains by ditcher, plow, spade or dynamite.

II.—Increase organic matter in soil: (a) by plowing in second crop, and by applying liberal amounts of barn manure.

III.—Control the growth of weeds: (a) bring land into cultivation once in four, five or six years; (b) by cutting and burning perennial weeds at flowering time, before seed has set; (c) by spraying with iron sulphate such plants as dandelion, thistle, broad leaved plantain, burdock, mustard, etc., using a 20 per cent. solution, while the plants are young.

IV.—Increase the fertility: (a) by bringing land into tillage once in three, four, five or six years. Considerable fertility applied to the crops grown on this land will remain for the hay crop; (b) apply a suitable fertilizer as soon as the grass has started growth. Such a fertilizer is 200 to 300 pounds of a fertilizer carrying about 4 per cent. nitrogen, 6 per cent. phosphoric acid and 2 per cent. potash. Since the grass and clover are cut before the flowers set seed, the nitrogen of the fertilizer should be fairly rapidly available, giving the grass sturdy, rapid growth; the phosphoric acid is not called upon to any great extent, since no seed is harvested; but the potash is useful for the growing plant.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF MATURITY.

"She's the first calf; guess we'll not raise her." Who has not heard a dairyman say this? Now, why this aversion to the "first calf"? It is because the young mother was not sufficiently mature to transmit a strong, vigorous constitution to her offspring. Horsemen know that they get the healthiest and most vigorous colts from full grown, well matured mares.

Now, this question of maturity is just as important to plant life as it is to animal. The strongest and most vigorous corn plant comes from the kernel of corn that was fully filled and ripened when the ear was picked. Wheat, oats and other grains of best vitality always come from the grain that has been fully matured when out.

Ontario Agricultural Experiment Station has been conducting experiments relative to date of cutting or maturity of winter wheat for several years, and reports that seed from well matured grain produce a greater yield of both grain and straw, and a heavier weight per bushel of grain than seed from immature grain.

The seed is the tiny infant plant with its first food wrapped about it. If that first food is short in quantity, the plant must of necessity suffer.

The dangers of immaturity are many. Immature corn causes serious trouble when harvested and shipped. If frost strikes immature grain of any kind, it seriously destroys the life of the grain.

Now, how is the farmer to guard against this immaturity? First by growing a variety of corn and other crops that will mature within the growing season at his disposal. There is no sense in bringing southern corn up to the northern part of the corn belt and expect it to mature. Of course, the southern counties can grow longer, larger ears of corn than the northern counties. They have 200 to 250 days of a growing season, while many northern counties have little more than 150 growing days free of frost.

Second, see that the element of plant food that effects the maturity of the corn is in sufficient abundance in the soil. You can't get good horse spirit out of corn, or wheat, or rye. The horse must have oats. They contain the vital essential element of "ginger." Just go does phosphoric acid for the corn, wheat, oats, etc.

As sure as night follows day, there were thousands of bushels of immature corn in the corn belt last winter for no other reason than that the available phosphoric acid of the soil was insufficient to the needs of the plant.

The balance of plant food must be kept up if high yielding crops of superior quality are to be produced.

### WEAK WHEAT—HOW TO HELP IT

How has your winter wheat weathered the winter? Does it look strong and vigorous, or is it weak and thin?

For a large amount of the winter wheat planted last fall, the ground was well prepared; plump, vital seed was used, and for the young plant, in many instances, available plantfood was supplied.

However, some of the wheat was planted late. In some sections it has had very little covering of snow. The weather has been fairly favorable, but fields upon which water stood for any length of time and ice formed, are in bad condition. Some of the wheat was planted so late that it did not make sufficient growth before winter set in.

Now, this weak wheat can be helped by immediate action as soon as spring opens.

The Crop Needs Moisture. The farmer knows that the wheat plant requires heat, air, moisture and available plantfood in order to live and make satisfactory growth. The lack of any one of these essentials means death to the crop. As the warm sun of spring beats upon the hardened wheat fields, it causes the evaporation of hundreds of barrels of water per day from a 50-acre field, because the water connection between the surface soil and the water supply below is complete. Now, to stop this great evaporation, and to allow air to enter into the soil spaces, the farmer must act quickly if he is to save his crop.

### Tillage That Will Help.

He should roll his wheat field as soon as it will bear a team upon it, and follow this rolling immediately with a light harrowing. If he has a "weeder," he can accomplish a great deal of good by going over the wheat crop with this tool. If he has harrows with adjustable teeth, he should throw these teeth back at an angle of 45 degrees and harrow the field, going back and forward over the field parallel with the wheat rows. This harrowing will not stir the surface deep enough to injure the wheat roots, but will help the soil conditions greatly by preparing a surface mulch. This surface mulch will break up the water connection in the soil and effectively prevent an injurious amount of evaporation. Always follow rolling with a light harrowing.

### Plantfood That Will Give Strength.

The tiny weak plant needs special nourishment. It should have an abundance of readily available plant food of the right kind to give it a vigorous start and maintain it in vigorous growth. Such a help can be supplied by broadcasting 100 to 300 pounds per acre of a fertilizer analyzing about 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. ammonia; 6 to 8 per cent. phosphoric acid, and 2 to 5 per cent. potash. This should be broadcasted or distributed on the wheat through the fertilizer attachment of the wheat drill.

If the wheat drill is used, of course the disks will be left suspended so that they will not cut the young wheat plant. This fertilizer should be put on the wheat just before it is rolled. The harrowing will work it into the soil.

### Help for Grass and Clover Seeding.

If grass and clover seed is sown upon the wheat field in early spring practice of this early cultivation will bury the seed sufficiently deep to insure good germination. The addition of available plantfood in the forms mentioned will greatly increase the chances of a successful "catch" of grass.

### HOW TO GET LARGER, BETTER CROPS.

1. Establish a system of cropping.
2. Drain the fields. The seed needs air to germinate. The tiny life in the soil—or soil bacteria—must have air.
3. Keep up the vegetable matter in the soil. This organic matter, or humus, keeps the soil dry, and acts like a sponge in holding water.
4. Plow deep in the fall. Winter frosts break down the rough soil, and make its plantfood available.
5. Prepare a good seedbed by careful cultivation and fertilization. Store up the barn manure and use it wisely in spring.
6. Seek out the best varieties, and best strains of varieties for seed. Plant them correctly at the right time and cultivate sufficiently.
7. Add a suitable fertilizer for the crop that is to be grown. A fertilizer supplies nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. Nitrogen aids growth, potash gives stiffness to straw, phosphoric acid helps fill and ripens the grain or seed.

Hay crops require a large amount of nitrogen, a small amount of phosphoric acid and a medium amount of potash. Grain crops require a medium amount of nitrogen, a large amount of phosphoric acid and some potash. Root crops require a heavy supply of nitrogen and potash and a moderate amount of phosphoric acid.

For hay, 200 to 400 pounds per acre of a fertilizer analyzing about 4 per cent. nitrogen, 6 per cent. phosphoric acid, 2 per cent. potash. For grain, 200 to 400 pounds per acre of a fertilizer analyzing about 2 per cent. nitrogen, 8 per cent. phosphoric acid, 2 per cent. potash. For roots, 600 to 800 pounds per acre of a fertilizer analyzing about 4 per cent. nitrogen, 6 per cent. phosphoric acid, 8 per cent. potash.

To get the best results from fertilizers: (1) Drain the land; (2) prepare a good seed bed; (3) spread the fertilizer evenly; (4) use a liberal amount; (5) get a fertilizer suited to your crop.

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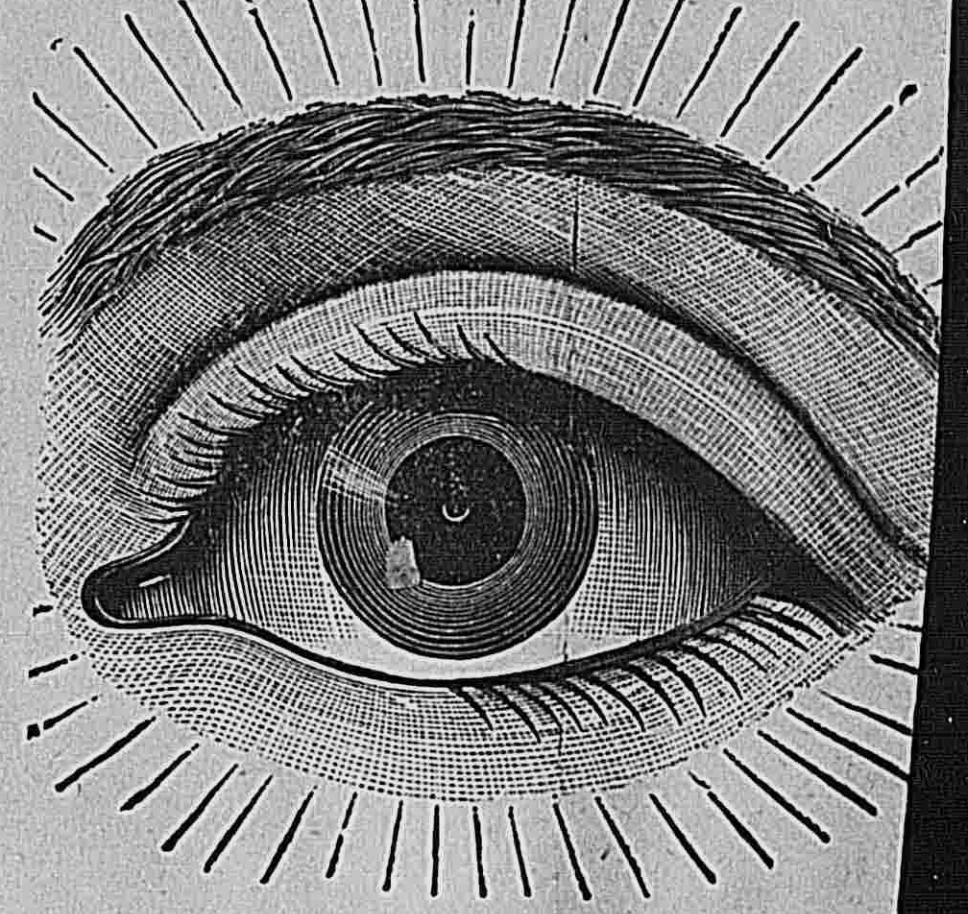
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English State Horses.

A curious interest attaches to the cream-colored horses which draw the state coach of the sovereign on ceremonial occasions. These "ponies," as they are called, represent the white horse which was the standard of the ancient Saxons, and is still preserved in the royal shield of the House of Hanover, by which it was reintroduced into England. The famous white horse carved on the slope of Uffington hill in Berkshire is a proof that it was known to our Saxon ancestors, who thus recorded their great victory over the Danes, who had not heard of "The Scouring of the White Horse?"—London Chronicle.

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